

Catholic Digest

JULY
1959

35¢



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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Phillipians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, or whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

If you have an ulcer

...don't go to bed on an empty stomach!

 **R**AIDING the icebox just before bedtime is a happy American custom. Almost everybody enjoys a late evening snack.

But if you have an ulcer, eating before going to bed has become more than a mere pleasure. It's usually part of the dietary program your doctor urges you to follow. He doesn't want you to go without food from dinnertime to breakfast. He knows that frequent eating relieves your ulcer pain, because food combines with the hydrochloric acid in the stomach to alleviate the irritation of the ulcer, calming the spasm.

The question of *what* to eat can present quite a problem. You must eat often, but your condition limits your choice of foods. Also, if you have been on a high milk-and-cream diet, you may well have the additional problem of overweight, making it important for you to find foods that add to your pleasure, but not to your waistline.

That's why so many doctors

suggest the addition of sweet, low-calorie D-Zerta® Pudding to the ulcer diet. When prepared with whole milk, D-Zerta Pudding is another way for you to get some of the milk benefits you need. Yet it is made without sugar and one serving has only 94 calories. D-Zerta Pudding comes in three smooth, satisfying flavors. You can enjoy it at mealtime . . . at bedtime . . . in fact, as often as you like.

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By Kay Sullivan



The Veil and the Cassock Become Them



Two famous Hollywood personalities have taken to the veil and cassock—on film, that is, and look right at home in the garb.

Bing Crosby, of course, has had previous practice as the singing curate in *Going My Way*. Now he has been upped to pastor of a theatrical parish in 20th-Century-Fox's *Say One for Me*. His problem: to keep the daughter (Debbie Reynolds) of an old vaudevillian in school and out of show business and the arms of a brash night-club owner (Robert Wagner). He doesn't quite succeed, but there's a happy ending and Bing gets the chance to sing 1959's first holiday hit—*Secret of Christmas*.

Audrey Hepburn in the title role of Kathryn Hulme's best seller, *The Nun's Story* (Warner Brothers), makes a beautiful and appealing Sister Luke. The movie, a year and a half in the making, is a faithful adaptation of the book, with photography that is literally breath-taking.

Vivid scenes of the steaming, colorful Congo are especially impressive. There'll be some who question the strict discipline of the Belgian Order chosen by the young nurse eager to work in foreign missions. However, the reverent presentation of religious ceremonies and the inside look at convent life far outweighs any such carping. The cast, a theatrical Who's Who, includes Dame Edith Evans, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, and Mildred Dunnock.

By the way, in the May, 1957, issue of *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*, author Hulme told another story that would make a fine film—that of her own conversion to Catholicism.

Television...

Actress Loretta Young has many firsts to her credit but perhaps gained her most notable recently when permission was given to film *The Miraculous Route*, one of her fall NBC-



From the very beginning, she was not like the others...

From the very beginning,

this is not like the
other motion pictures...



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CO-STARING

PETER FINCH

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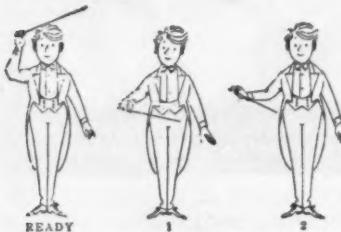
TV programs, at the Grotto of Lourdes. It was the first time commercial cameras had ever been inside the famous French shrine.

Life in a "splitnik" came in for some musical spoofing on NBC-TV's **Catholic Hour**. The **Decorator**, a satire on suburban life, was one of a quartet of original musical dramas commissioned by the National Council of Catholic Men to focus attention on and develop Catholic cultural life in America. Catholic University faculty members and students did most of the creative writing and *all* of the performing. Kudos, all around.

Yipee—there's a hot-weather crack in TV's Wild West wall: CBS has launched a trio of new summer shows—**The Blue Men** (police), **Peek's Bad Girl** (family comedy), and **Markham** (private-eye), and there's not a horse or a six-shooter among 'em.

Records...

Do-it-yourself-ism has hit the discs. Witness RCA-Victor's **Music for Frustrated Conductors**, complete with genuine baton tied to the



album cover and a booklet by Deems Taylor on the fine art of conducting. Mr. Taylor is most encouraging to would-be band leaders. Re Khachaturian's *Sabre Dance*, for example, he says: "Don't let the trumpet squawks, trombone smears, and wood-wind shrieks frighten you. Maintain a lively 4/4 beat from start to finish, and you and Khachaturian will finish together!"

Theater...

NB to husbands! If the grocery bills have skyrocketed at your house, blame it on the little woman's interest in the drama. Some 300 East Coast supermarkets have a brand new premium plan whereby shoppers can save up green trading stamps and turn them in for tickets to Broadway hits. The cold, cruel estimate: it takes about five month's worth of groceries, or approximately \$690 in stamps, to equal one ticket to *My Fair Lady*.

The man who said, "Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it," is being vastly talked about himself on Broadway these days. The reason: a one-man show called **Mark Twain Tonight!**, wherein a young actor named Hal Holbrook does a vigorous impersonation of the humorist. Biggest surprise (next to the long lines at the box office) is how Holbrook can look, sound, and act so much like the 70-year-old Twain. Holbrook is a fast 34 himself.

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Catherine Labouré and the Apparitions of Our Lady

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

THIS IS THE astonishing story of a revelation that started a chain reaction all over the world.

Catherine Labouré was born in Burgundy, a French province whose very name evokes plain speech and the joy of life. Catherine's childhood days were filled with household tasks: sewing, cooking, cleaning. Family discipline was strict but affectionate. When Catherine was nine, her mother died. The child, wise beyond her years, embraced a statue of the Virgin. "Now, dear Blessed Mother, you will be my mother."

This resolution helped strengthen the child to take over management of her father's house. Despite the demands of this great responsibility, Catherine found time to indulge her passion for prayer (she spent hours in the church) and a love of the sick that took her into every afflicted home in Fain les Moutiers.

In the mind of this girl, at the edge of her teens, was a growing conviction that she wanted to join a Re-

ligious Community. One night in a dream Catherine found herself at Mass in the village church. The celebrant was a venerable priest. At the end of the Mass he beckoned to Catherine, who became frightened and fled to the home of a sick friend. There again she found the same kindly looking priest, who said to her, "It is a good thing that you visit the sick, my child. You turn away from me now, but one day you will be glad to see me!"

Catherine pondered the dream, and at 22 decided to realize her vocation. She had trained her sister Tonine in looking after the house.

But her father refused to allow Catherine to enter a convent. He sent her to Paris to work in his brother's restaurant. Catherine was unhappy there, and after a time she went to her sister-in-law at Chatillon, to assist in running a boarding school. Catherine herself, who had never had one day's schooling, entered the 1st grade. How the young girls laughed to see her struggling over her primer!

At Chatillon, Catherine visited the convent of the Sisters of Charity. There she saw the picture of the priest of her dream hanging on the wall: St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the Daughters of Charity. Catherine told the story of her dream to the group of nuns. They were impressed, as was Catherine's sister-in-law, who wrote a vigorous letter to the girl's father. Almost magically the way was cleared for Catherine's immediate entry into the Sisters of Charity.

The young girl fitted well into the Community. She went her way unnoticed, but the finger of God touched her in an extraordinary fashion.

In a series of dazzling visions Catherine saw the Mother of God. These visions culminated in the precise revelation of a medal to be struck, the very scene and symbols displayed on the miraculous medal we see today. Great favors were promised to those who wore the medal.

Catherine revealed the whole affair to her confessor, Father Aladel. Father Aladel kept her identity a secret but took the story to the Archbishop of Paris. The archbishop ordered 1,000 medals to be struck, then thousands, then hundreds of thousands. Catherine was overjoyed, but she continued to go about her duties with the sick and aged in the unassuming manner of any other nun.

Wonders and miracles followed

the medal everywhere. One of these was the conversion of a French Jew, Alphonse Ratisbon, born into a banking family related to the Rothschilds.

Alphonse grew into young manhood marked by excessive frivolity. He was an atheist. Yet, on a trip to Rome, a friend persuaded him to wear a miraculous medal and to say each night the *Memorare*.

The young man complied out of sheer bravado. When he made a visit to the Church of Sant' Andre della Frate, a vision of the Blessed Virgin of the Miraculous Medal struck Ratisbon to his knees.

Alphonse was baptized, and for several years studied with the Jesuits. Finally he left the Society to found his own Congregation, the Priests and Ladies of Sion. Their work was to be the conversion of the Jews.

Abbé Omer Englebert briefly examines all our Lady's appearances since the time of Catherine Labouré. In each he points out the special revelation and its precise meaning. Then, in a heart-warming final chapter, he links all the appearances together and speculates on their importance for us and for our times.

Catherine Labouré, translated from the French by Alstair Guinan, is published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York City, at \$3.95 (only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the Club, write to the Catholic Digest Book Club, CD79, 100 Sixth Ave., New York City 13.



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THE OPEN DOOR

AFTER 16 years of marriage to a non-Catholic I had almost given up hope that he would ever enter the Church. He was well read and interested in the faith and went to Mass and devotions with me and our sons, but . . .

At length we found ourselves living in a small town in Oklahoma, where we became quite active in parish work. Our young pastor couldn't understand on short acquaintance what was holding my husband back.

During summer vacation, visiting nuns came to conduct catechism classes in the mission parishes. I was called upon to drive them, and after getting acquainted, invited them to Sunday dinner. They came, and while the younger nun and I did the after-dinner work, the older one chatted with my husband, the conversation coming around eventually to religion.

Sister Mary Stanislaus (of Guthrie, Okla.), we learned later, was a convert; thus she understood my husband's difficulties, and was able to reassure him. The upshot of it all was that my husband was baptized shortly thereafter.

M.L.D.

Alex was ill, and so could not go to the funeral home when his co-worker died. But he had his wife Catherine send flowers; and that evening she went to the mortuary, which was crowded with relatives and friends. Catherine made herself

known to one of the dead man's brothers, knelt for a short prayer at the casket, and left.

A year later, Alex was surprised to see this same brother at Sunday Mass. "That night at the funeral parlor," the man explained, "of all the people there your wife was the only one who knelt and prayed. I decided to find out what there was to the religion of a woman who would do that.

"I found out! Now the six of us, myself, my wife, and our four children are Catholics." Emmett Doyle.

MY HUSBAND became a Catholic because of the persistence of a 13-year-old boy who liked him and insisted that he be his Confirmation sponsor.

It's not that my husband had never been approached before. He had. But although we had been married 27 years, he had never indicated the slightest desire to join the children and me in our faith; still, he was a God-fearing man.

When our parish had a census I helped out, ringing every doorbell in my appointed area. We had been told to invite non-Catholics to a weekly information class. I invited my husband; he consented. Irregular working hours impeded his progress; finally it looked as if we had lost our prospect.

Confirmation time came. Our son's buddy asked my husband to be his sponsor. Sure, my husband would. But he would have to be baptized, the boy said—he had already checked with the pastor. My husband procrastinated, but the boy was persistent, and finally the lad won a convert, and a sponsor.

Mrs. I.T.J.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Sister Edna Marie, CSA

Tommy's Four Minutes With Death

Teamwork in the operating room saves the life of a little boy

I SHALL NEVER FORGET that day in surgery when Tommy's heart stopped beating. Tommy, a two-year-old, had been brought to our Wisconsin hospital to be operated on for a deformity called *pectus-excavatum*, or "funnel chest." I was giving the anesthetic.

Tommy was blue-eyed and sturdy-looking, and had red-gold hair. His parents had not known that he had been born with a deformity until he was almost a year old. Then it was discovered in a routine examination.

The doctor was very kind, and very frank with Tommy's young parents. "You have a fine, healthy boy here," he told them. "Tommy seems to be normal in all respects. But he does have a slight deformity of his breastbone."

It would not cause him any trouble then, the doctor had assured the parents, but as he grew older his

chest development would lag behind the growth of the rest of his body, and when he reached manhood he would have a rather hollow chest.

"I am sure he can lead a perfectly useful and happy life. Of course, he may not be able to take part in really vigorous activities." The doctor paused. He knew that this news must prove a terrible blow to these two young people. However, he could offer some hope.

"Surgeons are doing some wonderful things these days," he told them. "Now they have developed an operation to correct this deformity. They have had some excellent results."

In the silence that followed, Tommy's father cleared his throat and asked huskily, "Is there much danger in this kind of operation, Doctor?"

"The surgical risk is not great, but, of course, with every operation

there is some risk which must be taken," the doctor told him seriously.

"Now, this is not something that you must decide overnight. For best results the operation should be done before the child is two years old. I would suggest that you two go home and think this thing over. If you decide to have it done, I shall be glad to refer you to a highly qualified surgeon."

Tommy's parents talked it over. He could live a healthy and useful life, the doctor had told them.

"But will he ever be able to hit a home run?" Tommy's father wanted to know. "Can he ever stop a quarterback charging down the field? Or will he even be able to drive a truck?"

Tommy's mother and father, like parents the world over, wanted the best physical endowment for their child. After much agonized discussion, they decided to go ahead with the operation.

Tommy was admitted to the hospital two days before the operation, to get acquainted. I went to see him. His blue eyes studied me with a child's sure appraisal. On that first visit I met Rags, his teddy bear, who had come along, and learned about Tippy, his puppy, who had stayed at home. Tommy and Rags went with me on a tour of the surgical department, and they gave hearty approval of all they saw.

The morning of the operation I went to Tommy's room. "Go with Sister, darling," his tall, slender

mother said, as she bravely kissed his golden head. "Daddy and I will be waiting here for you."

"Good-by, Old Timer," his father said with a show of bravado, as he swung his son up and onto the cart. "Hurry up back."

Tommy decided he would prefer to sit on the cart rather than lie down, so we piled the pink blanket closely around him, and with instructions to "hold on tight because we are going to go real fast," I wheeled him down the corridor. Blue eyes shining, red-gold hair floating lightly in the breeze, he looked like a tiny birthday candle as he sat there on the cart, laughing back at aides, nurses, and doctors who called to him. "Hi, Tommy!" "Bye, Tommy." "Hurry back." At the nurses' station, Sister Austin called, "Good-by, Tommy! Be a good boy."

In surgery all was in readiness. The doctors were scrubbing their hands and arms with surgical soap, using stiff nylon brushes. Feeny, the



surgical nurse (it is traditional to address nurses by their last name), was standing at her table laying out rows and rows of bright instruments and supplies. Among them were "Flit": the surgeon's pet name for the bright red antiseptic with which he paints the patient's skin to kill any bacteria that may be loitering there; scalpel: the knife with which the surgeon makes the incision; hemostats: clamps to pinch off bleeding vessels; ties: catgut to tie the cut vessels, to stanch bleeding; "sciz": scissors to cut the ties; "Metz": finely tempered Metzenbaum scissors used for delicate cutting of tissues.

Sister Ancilla, our surgical supervisor, was watching to see that all went smoothly. Calm and relaxed during an ordinary surgical procedure, at the first indication of trouble Sister is transformed into a person of marvelous action, sensing the things which each one needs, and literally shaking them out of her ample sleeves.

Tommy had scrambled over to the operating table, anxious to play the little game I had explained to him. He would be a puppy and I would be a bunny, and he would try to catch me. He would have to run real fast, I told him. Tommy panted like a puppy as I directed a stream of nitrous oxide over his face. Nitrous oxide, that pleasant smelling anesthetic which is known as laughing gas because it makes a person feel happy, is an excellent means of putting a small child to sleep. As he

became drowsy his panting became slower, and his lids kept wanting to close. "Hurry and catch the bunny, Tommy," I urged him. With one last spurt of energy Tommy slipped over into dreamland without a protest.

The anesthetic was deepened to a plane where surgery could be carried out without causing pain. The tracheal tube was passed into the child's windpipe to insure a clear air passage to the lungs. A medical consultant stood by during the entire procedure. The child was swathed in sterile white cotton drapes, leaving exposed only the small area of his chest where the incision was to be made.

The surgeon and his assistant came into the operating room with hands raised, small rivers pouring from their elbows. Quickly they dried their hands and donned sterile cotton gowns which the surgical nurse held open for them; the circulating nurse stood behind them, deftly tying the gown strings. Sterilized rubber gloves were put on next; the doctors rinsed their hands in water, and stood at the operating table.

"Is he ready, Sister?"

Tommy's cheeks were rosy pink, his heartbeat could be heard strong and clear through the stethoscope, he was breathing easily through the tracheal tube.

"Yes, he is ready, Doctor."

Then came a staccato rat-tat-tat of orders from the surgeon. Surely and keenly the incision was made, and a

fine hairline of bright red blood marked its course. There came the old, familiar sound of hemostats clamping onto blood vessels. Nothing could be heard but the ring of the instruments, the short, concise requests of the surgeon, the ticking of the clock. Tommy's head lay there between my hands, ear lobes pink, arms bent at the elbows, fat little hands limp at his shoulders. The effortless rise and fall of his little chest, the soft, steady "lub-dub, lub-dub," of his heartbeat, reassured me that all was going well.

It was not until almost the end of the operation that I noticed a change. The pulse quickened a bit, the pink ear lobes became waxen, there was a twitch or two.

Medical consultation was called. Carefully the physician reviewed the child's condition, but could find no cause for alarm. The depth of anesthesia was satisfactory, the placement of the tracheal tube was correct, there was sufficient intake of oxygen, and carbon dioxide elimination was adequate.

But never have I watched a patient as I watched Tommy that morning. Not for a minute did I take my finger from his pulse, for I felt sure that the thing which no one wanted was going to happen.

The surgeon worked tensely, trying desperately to head off the threat of cardiac arrest. Closing sutures were being placed when it happened.

The weakened heartbeat fluttered

and was still. "Doctor! His heart has stopped beating!" I said.

The surgeon gave me one long, searching look. Already he had rehearsed in his mind what he must do.

"His heart is stopped, Doctor!" I repeated.

Mind trained to decide, will disciplined to act, hands educated to perform, the surgeon was reopening the wound. Small ribs were lifted just enough to permit the surgeon's fingers to pass underneath, and the man held the child's small, still heart between his thumb and fingers.

"I have it—I have his heart in my hand!" he whispered tensely. "Sister, ventilate his lungs. Keep it up!"

I was squeezing the breathing bag, filling the child's lungs with oxygen, releasing the bag to let the lungs empty themselves. I had looked at the clock when Tommy's heart stopped beating, 11:01.

While I mechanically did the thing that I knew had to be done, I was trying hard to believe that the doctor could save this tiny life. "Is he dead? How can he be so pale and still, and yet alive?" I asked myself. My hands and arms were covered with a fine, cold sweat, and I could not speak.

Gently, rhythmically, the doctor was pressing the tiny heart between his thumb and fingers; press, release; press, release. Each time the doctor compressed the heart the used-up blood which drained from all parts

of the body into the right chamber of the heart was propelled to the lungs, where it was re-charged with oxygen, and returned to the left chamber of the heart. Each time he compressed the heart, the fresh, re-oxygenated blood in the left chamber of the heart was propelled out of the heart and through all parts of the body. Each time he released his hand both chambers of the heart filled again. Press, release; press, release.

Under the pump-like action of the surgeon's hand the blood stream once again was moving through the child's arteries and veins. I could hardly believe my eyes. The ear lobes became pink, the small curled fingers at my elbows took on their natural color, and we knew that the life-blood was flowing through Tommy's body, and especially to the delicate brain tissue which cannot live many minutes without oxygen-bearing blood. Any lack of oxygen to the vulnerable brain tissue can cause permanent damage, varying from retarded intelligence to complete inability to perform elemental physical functions.

Sister Laura, my co-worker, always ready to give support in time of need, came to take over the squeezing of the breathing bag. "Keep it up, Sister."

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the face of the surgeon, for he would be the first to know if the heart started beating again. Press, release; press, release. He blinked and waited. A

series of blinks. "There's a quiver! Come on, little fellow!"

Press, release; press, release.

"Dear God, please let that little boy's heart beat again!"

"It's coming, it's coming!" Underneath his gloved hand he could feel the first spasmotic twitches as the arrested heart muscle began to squirm back to life again. Soon there was a fast, irregular, wild beating, then it became slower, stronger.

"It's going! It's going! Thank God! Thank God!" His voice was almost breaking. Everyone in the room was smiling, and everyone's eyes looked just a trifle moist.

Still, there was reason for caution. The outcome? Would Tommy be all right? Any brain damage?

"How long did it take, Sister?"

"It was two minutes from the time the heart stopped until you started to massage; it was two more minutes before the heart began to beat by itself, Doctor."

"I don't think that his brain was without oxygen long enough to cause any permanent damage," the doctor said hopefully. "I think Tommy should be all right."

The wound was closed again, the dressings were being placed. The child was squirming—first a faint whine, then he was crying loudly. The surgeon bent over him and called, "Tommy, do you want an ice-cream cone?"

Up from the lifting waves of anesthesia came his baby voice, "Ice-cream cone."

He was alive, and intelligence was there! The doctor wrapped him in a warm blanket, placed him on the cart, and returned him, ever so gently, to his anxiously waiting parents.

Tommy got along well while he was in the hospital, and went home a week later, apparently none the worse for his experience. Some months later we received a telephone

call. "Come down to the side door and see who is here." We went down.

There was Tommy—surrounded by Sisters and nurses. He stood there tall and straight and full chested: Tommy of the laughing blue eyes and the red-gold hair. With him was Tippy, his good friend, who this time had come along to see that all went well.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

More than 40 years ago our New York office sent a shipment of goods to Puerto Rico. Naturally, we had this cargo insured. Some weeks later, we learned that the ship carrying our goods had gone down in a storm.

We promptly made claim for the loss, sending the insurance company an itemized list of the goods showing the value of each article. Just as promptly the insurance company rejected the claim; through some clerical error, the insurance had not been in force! All our efforts to trace the error failed, and we finally had to write off the whole shipment as a total loss.

Years passed. Then on a September evening of 1926, I received a mysterious phone call. A man from out of town, calling from the local hotel, asked me to come to see him. "You don't know me," he said, "but it will be very much worth your while to come."

My wife was alarmed, and tried to persuade me not to go. She felt certain that it must be a trick of some sort. But some note of sincerity in the man's voice had deeply impressed me, and I decided to take a chance.

A distinguished looking gentleman greeted me at the hotel and introduced me to his wife. The two had come all the way from Puerto Rico just to see me! "Your firm lost a shipment at sea some years ago," the man began by way of explanation. "You suffered a total loss because of an error made by a subordinate in my office. I could have honored your claim, but foolishly I decided to shield the man who had made the mistake. That decision has bothered my conscience ever since. For the last several years I have been saving up a fund to make good your loss. Here is a certified check for that amount."

H. H. Root.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

How much income do you want?

Most of us would like a little more, but a survey of 100 couples turns up some surprising answers



HOW MUCH MONEY would you like to have? Assuming that you could raise your income at will, how much would you need to enjoy the kind of life you'd like to lead? And what would you do with the added income? Would you have steak more often instead of hamburger, buy a mink coat or a yacht, travel more, send your children to more expensive schools, invest for future security, or what?

Today's Living confronted a number of homeowners and apartment dwellers in New York and Connecticut with just these questions. They weren't meant as parlor conversation, like the familiar "What would you do with \$1 million?" Nearly all studies of city and suburb confirm the importance of family finances in almost every social situation. Psychologists and psychiatrists report that discontent over money matters is often a contributing cause of domestic conflicts, especially when ambitions are out of line with what

is reasonable and attainable. Other pertinent questions were also asked in the survey.

"If there's any dissatisfaction over your family income, which one, husband or wife, is more dissatisfied?"

"Do most of your friends have as much money as you have? More? Less?"

"What do you think are the chief disadvantages in having less money than most of your friends? And what do you think are the disadvantages in having more?"

The 100 couples questioned live in the Forest Hills section of Queens and in Greenwich, Conn., areas that together span the middle and upper-income levels typical of most dormitory communities in and around New York City. The median income of the Forest Hills residents is \$9,600 and of the Greenwich residents, \$15,750. (For the total group, median income is \$10,500.)

One man has an annual income of more than \$100,000. He's 44, lives in Greenwich, has a wife who's unhappy with his income, and would like \$200,000 a year. He'd use the extra money for travel, more servants, and a better house. The poorest also lives in Greenwich. She's a widow, 82, who gets \$1,772 a year from Social Security and other old-age benefits. She'd like \$2,500. Why? So that she could make "larger contributions to needy causes."

Naturally, these extremes don't tell a typical story. But taken as a whole, the attitudes of the group point to certain very definite conclusions.

1. *Two out of three people yearn for larger incomes.* Only one-third say they have enough money to live the way they wish. Nearly all the others say they'd need more to enjoy all the things they desire. Their desires range from a small percentage increase in their present incomes to the ambitions of a young man, 33, now getting \$13,000, who says he wouldn't be satisfied with less than a half million!

Two say they'd be happier with *smaller* incomes than they have now. One, a Connecticut wife whose husband brings home \$22,000, said, "I don't think it's worth it." She says she'd rather live on a smaller income because it would mean that her husband could spend more time at home. "Higher income means long hours and a rat-race existence for the aspiring young executive." Her hus-

band is 34. This, she says, is the pattern in her circle. "Wives foster dissatisfaction in this way. They say, 'The thing I want most in the world is a mink stole!' Her poor husband! But she'll be sporting her mink come next winter."

Age doesn't seem to weaken people's financial aspirations. About the same proportion of people on each side of 40 aren't content with their incomes. And how much they now have doesn't affect their contentment in the way you might expect. The highest proportion of dissatisfied people is in the \$10,000 to \$20,000 group, higher than among those whose annual income totals less than \$10,000. On the other hand, the highest proportion of contented people is found among those who have \$20,000 or more a year.

When a man with a big income does want more money, though, he wants it in a king-size roll. Many of those who aren't satisfied with their current sizable incomes would want half again as much, or more. One Forest Hills husband would like \$100,000 a year so he could have a "big home, big car, the best in education for my children, money for travel and entertaining friends, and for making investments so I could own my own business." People at the lower income levels seem to be more modest in their demands, particularly those earning under \$7,000, many of whom say they would be happy with a couple of thousand dollars more a year.

2. *Where you live influences your contentment.* The whole atmosphere of the community affects people's acceptance of their lot, even if they're not aware of trying to keep up with the Joneses. People seem to react emotionally to promptings to own as many things as their neighbors.

More people in the wealthier of the two groups, the residents of Greenwich, are discontented. Conversely, nearly a third more in Forest Hills are satisfied with their incomes.

In both places, though, people find their own social level, financially speaking. More than half say most of their friends have about as much money as they have. The others endure the various discomforts of being richer or poorer than typical members of their social sets. About 15% say most of their friends have more money to spend, and 31% say they're better off than most of their friends.

3. *Wives aren't always the most difficult to please.* Women do put a premium on high-level consumption but, apparently, not so often as their husbands. Twice as many couples say the husband is the more dissatisfied spouse as say the opposite (among families where there's *any* dissatisfaction with the breadwinner's income). Only when the income reaches \$20,000 or more are about as many wives as husbands still unwilling to settle for what they have.

4. *People wish more to spend on*

luxuries. One man did say he needs more (\$100 a week instead of the \$75 he earns) so that he and his family can eat better. But he isn't typical. Most of the group, even those who'd spend extra money paying off debts and taxes, have enough for bare essentials. Only 14% of the Greenwich and Forest Hills residents questioned have incomes under \$5,000.

The largest number of unfulfilled desires among the wealthy but dissatisfied group can be lumped under the heading of "gracious living." Some people yearn for a heap of living of this type. The man who sets his sights at a half million wishes "a yacht, tennis court, swimming pool, and a home to fit." He also desires "travel abroad, a mink coat for his wife, servants, additional autos, and leisure." One man we questioned, 28 years old, earns \$12,000 but would like an income of \$50,000, so "I could buy all the things I could never afford, from an electric telescope to a trip around the world."

For the most part, though, families seem to have more modest wants. The goals most often mentioned are home improvements or a new house. Next comes travel and better vacations. Many persons would salt away money in investments, savings accounts, and life insurance. Some would spend it on their children's education, and to give them "advantages" like lessons in dancing, music, art. Others would go in for luxuries: boats, horses, cars, club member-

ships, entertainment, servants, and clothes.

A man getting \$24,000 a year says he'd like "a little more, say \$32,000." Most of his friends are wealthier than he, and he complains that he can't use his country club as often as he'd like (presumably as much as his friends do).

A doctor has a different set of values. His practice brings in \$16,000, and he, too, would like about \$30,000. But unlike some of the others questioned, he'd spend it on cultural pursuits. "In quest of beauty: travel, music, art, books, architecture, and gardens" is the way he puts it. One wife wishes a larger income so that she and her husband could afford more time for studying. And one man says a higher income would mean he could get someone else to do all the do-it-yourself projects he's stuck with at home. Then he'd have time to do all the things he really likes doing.

What about helping other people? Only about 10% say they'd like more money so they could do more good. They'd help friends or relatives, or families in the community who are hard pressed, or they'd make larger contributions to charitable organizations.

5. *People feel most comfortable among their financial peers.* A typical comment is one made by a man with an \$18,000 income whose friends are better heeled. "It's hard to be constantly in the position of the 'poor relations,'" he explains.

"Not being able to pay back social obligations to your friends or your children's friends is embarrassing." Some say they do reciprocate, but only by spending more than they should. One man says, "It's humiliating to be forced to deny myself and my family the modest luxuries that are commonplace among our friends." But another man says *he's* embarrassed because his wealthier friends try to do too much for him.

The effects of having lower incomes are felt in other ways, too: in having to pass up expensive social functions, in envy of others, and, in rare cases, in *feeling* inferior to wealthier neighbors.

Many persons, of course, say that among true friends and understanding neighbors there's no disadvantage. And at least two point to advantages in being poor. One says facetiously that his only handicap is that his car "has several fewer pounds of chrome." The other thinks that a limited amount of money enables one "to make more accurate evaluation of the opinions of others." His idea is that "you tell the rich what they wish to hear, but you're more candid with your financial equals."

What about having *more* money than your friends? Are there any disadvantages to this situation? Many of those questioned say there are drawbacks. "You hesitate to suggest doing certain things jointly that might prove financially embarrassing to your friends or create dissension

in their households." "Friends expect to be entertained in a manner commensurate with your income when you might prefer simpler entertaining." "People feel too free about borrowing money from you." "You're compelled to enjoy alone some things you'd enjoy more in common with those friends whose means make it impossible for them to join you, and whose pride would be hurt if you offered to bear the cost." "There's the possibility of friends wanting to avoid you, feeling they can't keep up with you." "You must be careful that people don't think you're high-hatting them, or

being patronizing, or flaunting what you have." "You sometimes wonder who your friends really are." "You have to be on guard against spongers."

The consensus among both the Greenwich and Forest Hills groups seems to be that having greater wealth causes more social problems than having less than your friends. However, many would gladly suffer these problems in return for a more comfortable way of life. When one man was asked what he thought were the disadvantages of being richer than your friends, his answer was, "Are you *kidding*?"

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

Years ago, when I was a teen-ager growing up in Ireland, my mother received a letter from her brother Jim, in America, telling that his wife had died. He suggested that I come and make my home with him. He would see that I got a good education, and I, in turn, would help him raise his children and keep his home together.

I agreed, and the whole plan worked out splendidly. Each of the kids was glad to do his share, and Uncle Jim was both father and mother to us all.

After the children grew a bit older, Uncle Jim began planning a trip back to Ireland for me, his daughter, and himself. We were happily making preparations when he suddenly became ill, and died. All at once, I realized how alone I was; the family no longer really needed me, and my own mother was far away.

But the family insisted I stay on. A short while later I met "the boy of my dreams," and the eldest of the family, now a priest, married us; the whole family was on hand to give me away. And just last winter, as a surprise, they arranged a trip by air back to Ireland for a month's visit for my husband, our three babies, and myself. Little did my mother dream that her bread cast upon the waters would return to her with such increase!

Brigid McCaffery.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Love pushes the doorbell

Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor serve the bedridden in their own homes

THE CHILD was sobbing. Mary Walsh, on her hurried way to work, stopped to ask why. Mary was an immigrant from Ireland, working as a laundress in New York City. Her job was hard, her wages were low, and she had neither money nor time to spare. But she stopped, one stifling summer day in 1876, and this act of pity was to change her life, as well as the lives of many others, forever.

When Mary saw that crying little girl on the street, she knew that something was terribly wrong. She followed the girl, whose name was Ruthie Dunne, into a tenement and up the filthy stairs that led to her apartment. There, Ruthie's mother lay moaning on her bed while her three children huddled silently in a corner. At the mother's side lay a newborn baby, dead.

Mary forgot all about going to work. She took the baby's corpse and wrapped it in a tattered blanket. She bathed Mrs. Dunne. She searched the apartment for food and medicine, but all she found on the shelves was soot.

"Where's your husband?" Mary

asked the poor, bedraggled woman.

Mrs. Dunne half opened her eyes. "In jail. He starts fightin' when he drinks."

Mary hurried to the nearest store and bought food with the little money she had. Then she knocked on neighbors' doors to beg help for the Dunnes. She went to the police



station and the firehouse. She arranged to have the baby buried. She paid the Dunne's gas bill. And when Mr. Dunne was released from jail, she made him promise he'd stay away from the saloon. She persuaded Dunne's boss to give him back his job.

Meanwhile, Mary had lost her own job. Her employers had no use

for a laundress who didn't show up for work.

This mattered little to Mary, for she had found her calling. She got on by taking in laundry a couple of days a week. All the rest of her time she devoted to the sick and destitute. In an unadorned black dress she begged for food and money for her poor and visited them at home. Father Nevins, of the Paulist parish, encouraged her, but the "holy wash-woman," as many called her, found few helpers willing to make great enough personal sacrifices. For 30 years she struggled to establish her work within the Dominican Order.

Those who carry on her work today are the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor. I met them in Minneapolis.

Their Community is small. Its 13 convents in ten cities of the East and Midwest house only about 135 Sisters, but they make up for numbers with a zeal like Mary Walsh's. Last year, six Minneapolis Sisters made 5,246 visits to the sick poor.

All the nursing Sisters are professionally trained. They work seven days a week under doctors' supervision, giving free home care to people who cannot afford to pay a regular nurse.

Eighty-five-year-old Dan Coveny, for instance, is suffering from his second heart attack. He lives with his brother Will, 80 years old, and his sister Agnes, a retired 1st-grade teacher who supports them both on

her pension. A nursing Sister comes in twice a week. She checks on Dan's progress and bathes his gaunt body while he whispers to her, something he has heard on television, perhaps, or lies quietly, as if asleep. She also looks after Will.

In Minneapolis, most of the patients suffer from vascular disease. But the Sisters call on others with such diseases as cancer, tuberculosis, multiple sclerosis, and neuroses. They also care for new mothers and children of sick parents. Most patients are over 65.

I had heard so much about these Sisters that I decided I would like to go calling with them, to learn more about their work. I arranged an appointment, and at 9 A.M. one Saturday morning knocked on the door of St. Mary's convent in Minneapolis.

Sister Mary Albert greeted me. Her brown eyes smiled out from beneath her white, heart-shaped wimple, a symbol of Dominican Sisters. She had been up since 5:20 that morning and had been spending her time doing spiritual exercises and housekeeping.

"Sister Bernard will be riding with us part way," she said. "She's waiting in the car."

Sister Mary Albert was carrying a Stanley medical kit, a black leather bag containing nursing supplies, vitamin pills for one patient's sister-in-law, and one sandwich for her own lunch. She would be too busy

to return to the convent at noon, she explained, and Sisters never accept more from patients than a glass of water. Mary Walsh instituted this practice so that patients wouldn't be embarrassed if there was no food in the house.

"We all start off in the two cars," Sister Mary Albert said. "Whoever's driving lets the others off at their first stop, and they take buses the rest of the day. We have a special dispensation to travel alone."

Her first patient that day was Mrs. Mathew Jasper, so stricken by multiple sclerosis that the only limb she could move was her left arm. The Sisters had been visiting her twice a week for three years. She wasn't expecting Sister Mary Albert that morning, but the short, gray-haired lady greeted her cheerily from her wheel chair, where she sat reading in a small, sunny room adorned with pictures of her children and grandchildren.

They talked a few minutes. Then, with Mr. Jasper's help, the Sister moved her patient into bed. She bathed her in less than 20 minutes. Afterwards she made the bed, deftly pulling the sheets taut and moving the patient gently and easily from one side of the bed to the other. She chatted about the weather, how well Mrs. Jasper's bedsore was healing, and how lucky she was to have such a helpful husband.

"Oh, I almost forgot," she said. "You wanted me to fix your nails."

"No, no, don't bother! You haven't got time. My daughter's coming tomorrow, and she can take care of that."

"That's all right. It just takes a second with the clippers. Now if you'll wait till I empty this water . . ."

"Ain't she wonderful?" Mrs. Jasper exclaimed. Her eyes shone above the bedclothes. "I don't know what I'd do without her."

After she had clipped Mrs. Jasper's nails, Sister Mary Albert packed her black bag and had husband and wife join her in an *Our Father and Hail Mary*, a traditional part of every visit.

She made four more calls that day. She returned to the convent at 4:30, in time for prayers, dinner at six, Compline, one hour of relaxation, and more spiritual exercises until bedtime at ten.

"You're always glad when ten o'clock comes. You just hit that bed, and you're gone. But in the morning you're always refreshed and ready to go again."

Sister Mary Albert has been a nursing Sister for 25 years. Her background is similar to that of others in her Community. Her training as a Religious began with six months' postulancy, when she learned the fundamentals of obedience and spiritual detachment, attended classes in religion, and accompanied Sisters on cases. She spent one year in the novitiate, after which she took temporary vows. She made her per-

petual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience three years later. Her work began in Denver, Colo. Since then she has been moved to Detroit, back to Denver, to Boston, and to Minneapolis.

"It depends on where we are needed, how much we are moved around," she said.

No Sister at St. Mary's convent has been there longer than four years. Besides welfare workers, the six are the only professionals in Minneapolis who give free home nursing care. At a given time they can keep only about 80 patients on their visiting list: others must be refused.

They do have volunteer help. In Minneapolis 16 Catholic nurses accompany them on calls four hours a month. Dominicanettes, high-school girls whom the Sisters occasionally train in home nursing, ethics, and approach to illness, also go out with them. They help change beds and give baths, and sometimes take over such chores as washing dishes, cleaning the patient's room, and sweeping floors. The Sisters have taught them

suitable recreational activities for the sick, so the Dominicanettes can give small parties to celebrate holidays or a patient's birthday or anniversary. Some of the girls eventually become Sisters.

An auxiliary of 2,800 adults sponsors an annual tea and a Christmas festival to help support the work.

"The purpose of this work," Mother Mary Walsh once wrote, "is to nurse the body to reach the soul."

Spiritual rewards come slow. But the Sisters do believe that many patients are distressed more by spiritual ills than physical.

"If anyone dwells on sickness it drives him to despair," said Sister Barbara Marie, superior of St. Mary's convent. "He has to find something higher. If he can unite his sufferings with those of Christ he can make them meaningful, even worth while.

"But it's usually the family that suffers more than the patient."

"We must do all in our power to keep the home and family together," wrote Mother Mary Walsh. "This is our obligation to the sick poor."



AMERICA IN CHAINS

A radio panel was seeking to draw from poet Robert Frost some statement that could be interpreted as an indictment of the "increasing pressure of conformity" in the U.S. "I don't feel any such pressure," insisted Mr. Frost. "I think we're the freest people that ever were free."

"But surely you have encountered *some* limitations on your personal freedom," one of the panel suggested.

"Well, I'm awfully limited by the dictionary," Mr. Frost conceded with a smile.

Wall Street Journal (18 March '59).

Pakenham's Progress

*A public-spirited aristocrat
travels the long road home*

ONE OF THE MOST unusual characters in the British House of Lords is Francis Aungier Pakenham. Lord Pakenham is a spokesman for the British Labor party, dedicated primarily to the interests of the working class. Yet he was born into the aristocracy, and was trained at Oxford for a career in Tory politics. (All his ancestors who entered politics were Tories; his great-great-grandfather, Sir Robert Peel, was twice prime minister of Britain.)

Lord Pakenham is also a Catholic, and during debates on social and moral questions he often cites papal encyclicals and Catholic philosophers. Yet he was brought up and was married in the Anglican church. Only one parallel for his conversion to Catholicism can be found in the whole history of the ancient family of Pakenham. Charles Reginald Pakenham, a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, gave up a commission in the Grenadier Guards and became a Catholic monk. He founded the Passionist Order in Ireland.

Lord Pakenham's deviations from the social norm do not reflect any eccentricity of temperament. Although

he has been caricatured as "a chuckle-headed fellow" in some sections of the British press, he remains sublimely cheerful. "A goodhearted lover of mankind," he has been called, "quicker to appreciate than to criticize."

His humanitarian work is extensive. In December, 1957, he was elected chairman of the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. He combines this assignment and his Parliament work with chairmanship of the National bank and a happy family life. He is married to "one of the fairest ladies of



the land," and has eight children (four sons and four daughters). His eldest daughter, Antonia, presented him with a second grandchild last November.

He has proved himself an able administrator. He was given a peerage in 1945 when the Labor party came to power, and during the six postwar years of Labor rule in Britain he held a number of coveted posts under Prime Minister Clement Attlee.

As undersecretary of state for war in 1946, Lord Pakenham worked alongside Field Marshal Montgomery and became a champion of human rights for defeated Germany. Later, given responsibility for the British zones of Germany and Austria, he made herculean efforts to improve food supplies for the starving German people. When he left Germany, on being promoted to minister of civil aviation in June, 1948, food rations in the British zone had been increased by 50%.

In the last six months of the Labor government's reign, Lord Pakenham held one of the great historic offices: he was 1st Lord of the Admiralty from May to October, 1951.

When offered this office, he told Prime Minister Attlee, "The navy deserves the best. I don't think I'm the right sort of person."

Attlee replied, "Don't worry. The navy survived Winston [Churchill, twice 1st Lord: 1911-15; 1939-40]. It will probably survive you."

Lord Pakenham was born in London on Dec. 5, 1905. His father was

the 5th Earl of Longford. His mother was a daughter of the 7th Lord Jersey.

When the 1st World War broke out, Frank's father was called away to serve as a brigadier general. A year later, he was killed at Gallipoli, in an action reminiscent of the charge of the Light brigade. Young Frank was at prep school when he heard the news. It wounded him deeply, but seemed to spur him. When he was graduated from prep school to Eton at the age of 12 he had become an exceptionally brilliant student.

After six years at Eton, where he excelled in sports, he entered New College, Oxford, and began studies in Modern Greats (modern philosophy, politics, and economics). He founded the *Oxford University Review* and joined two Tory political clubs. He was soon initiated into Tory politics at their most romantic, at a point where they made contact with the intellectual side of London society. It was generally thought that Frank Pakenham had a bright future before him in Tory politics.

In 1927, he got 1st-class honors in Modern Greats. To his celebration party he invited Elizabeth Harman, who had come to Oxford the previous year on a scholarship in English literature. A romance began between Frank and Elizabeth later when they joined the university branch of the Workers Educational association as tutors.

In the fall of 1929, Frank was sent to lecture for the association in the

potteries at Stoke on Trent. He lived in the house of a railroad foreman. Life among working-class people was an eye-opener for him. He became filled with a reformer's zeal.

A call to London to fill a temporary post in the Tory party's economic-research department quelled his political revolt for the time being. Elizabeth took over Frank's work in the potteries.

The depression had hit Britain. The industrial area of North Staffordshire where Elizabeth lectured was a desert of poverty and squalor, of half-empty workshops and smokeless chimneys. The Labor party, with its declared aim to improve the lot of the underdog, won Elizabeth over.

Some months later, Frank proposed to her. They were married in November, 1931, at the Anglican Church of St. Margaret, which adjoins Westminster abbey.

In the spring of 1932, Pakenham left the research department, but he maintained Tory party membership. He was offered a trial appointment as writer for the London *Daily Mail*, a Tory newspaper. The man who had been writing the leaders for the *Mail* since 1896 told Pakenham, "You will find our policy easy enough to understand. I regard the Germans as the cruellest people in the world, except the Chinese—and, of course, the Irish."

Pakenham didn't swallow that without argument. He had formed close friendships with many Irish

BENEDICTINE PEER

For the first time in more than 400 years, a Benedictine monk has taken a seat in Britain's House of Lords. He is Father Peter Gabriel Gilbey, who claimed his hereditary title of Baron Vaux of Harrowden.

Father Gilbey is the first monk, but not the first priest, to sit in the House of Lords since the Reformation. The first priest to sit since that time was Msgr. Lord Petre. Father Gilbey becomes the 47th Catholic member of the House of Lords. Its 870 members include 26 bishops of the state Church of England. Catholic bishops cannot sit in the House of Lords and a Catholic clergyman may not sit in the House of Commons. But a Catholic priest may sit in the upper house if he inherits a peerage, which cannot be renounced.

NCWC (1 Dec. '58).

families during boyhood years spent at Pakenham Hall (now owned by his brother Edward, the 6th Lord Longford) in County Westmeath. And William Butler Yeats' poems and the Irish nationalism which De Valera was expressing increased his sympathy for the oppressed Irish.

He was obviously not the right man for the *Daily Mail* of those days. "No one, least of all myself, supposed that I was," he says. When the opportunity came in 1932 for him to return to academic life as a lecturer

in politics at Christ Church, Oxford, he quit gladly.

The political subjects Frank Pakenham taught at Oxford were not connected with party politics. But through Elizabeth he met plenty of Labor enthusiasts, and began to question more deeply his traditional Tory principles. The uncharitable reaction from many of his political contemporaries when he presented his arguments on the Irish question increased his unrest. He started writing a book about the negotiations which had led to the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921.

Early in 1935, shortly before this book, *Peace by Ordeal*, was to be published, Pakenham felt that he could no longer continue his membership in the Carlton, exclusive club of the landed gentry. He sought an interview with the president, and announced his wish to resign.

The president was thunderstruck. "Resign? What the devil for?" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid I've written a book," Pakenham began.

"Written a book!" interrupted the president. "My dear boy, if the fellows in this club who have written damn silly books resigned, we shouldn't have a member left!"

This ended the matter for a time. But some months later, with the approach of a general election in Britain, Pakenham felt that he had further cause to rescue himself from the Carlton. He met the secretary, a pleasant but very conservative colo-

nel, and began to explain: "You see, I don't agree with the Government [Stanley Baldwin's Conservative ministry]."

"No need to worry, old boy," the secretary replied. "They're nothing but a pack of beastly socialists. Not a fellow in the club has a good word for them."

Pakenham braced himself. "My wife is going to stand at the election for Labor."

With an expression of deep melancholy, the secretary shook hands, and Frank made his final exit from the Carlton.

Elizabeth was defeated in that election. But her sincerity won her a 50% higher vote than the previous Labor candidate's, and roused Frank to a closer study of the party's aims. The following year, he joined Elizabeth in the Oxford City Labor party, and was elected as a Labor councilor for Oxford in 1937.

He was happy with his new-found political creed. But his religious creed troubled him. After much groping, he had found to his despair that the Anglican doctrine no longer gave him adequate intellectual foundations. During the summer term at Oxford in 1938 a feeling of spiritual bankruptcy overwhelmed him.

He had read Father Martin D'Arcy's *Nature and Belief*. One evening he went to Campion hall, the Jesuit college near Christ Church, and consulted Father D'Arcy.

"Never can I express what I owe to Father D'Arcy for what he did for

me then and later," says Pakenham.

He visited Campion hall many times, and read many books recommended by Father D'Arcy, starting with St. Augustine's *Confessions*. But it was 18 months before he placed himself under formal instruction.

"I wanted to be a Catholic," Pakenham recalls. "But I was held back by a kind of donnish insistence on first convincing myself of the truth of every single item in the whole corpus of belief; by a lurking fear of the anticipated discipline and obedience; and by a genuine humility about my credentials."

When war clouds gathered in May, 1939, Pakenham enrolled as a private in the newly formed 5th battalion (volunteers) of the Oxford and Bucks light infantry. His appearance in the ranks tickled the Oxford public.

At the training camp Frank became a sort of large-scale mascot, a bizarre yet popular figure, performing creditably for his company in sports. He was promoted to 2nd lieutenant when Britain declared war against Germany in September.

As a platoon commander, Pakenham plodded on with his religious reading, but now he also had to busy himself with strategy and topography. It was not until November, 1939, that he made up his mind to become a Catholic.

Evelyn Waugh, a close friend (and a convert), had written asking him to be godfather to his first son;

he had heard that Frank had been received into the Church. When Frank informed him that he was not yet a Catholic, though his studies had brought him very close, Waugh replied, "You have studied enough. Further discussion is a pure luxury. There is nothing to stop your asking for immediate reception. Go to your regimental chaplain or the nearest priest. You will never fully understand the beauty of the Church until you are inside."

The words spurred Pakenham into action. He was received into the Church in January, 1940. His conversion "horrified" Elizabeth. Her father, an ophthalmic surgeon in Harley St., was a strict Unitarian. Elizabeth had been brought up to reverence ethical principles, but to dislike all dogma. During adolescence she had become utterly indifferent to religion; asked by Frank once if she thought about death, she had said, "Never."

Frank was invalidated out of the army in April, 1940. Elizabeth had begun to assess the historical argument for Christianity. Wading through the Gospels, and arguing theology with Frank, she moved rapidly from near atheism to near Catholicism.

Then she stuck; she remembered tales told to her in childhood about the "intolerance of Roman Catholic priests," and feared that her English way of life would be curtailed if she joined the "Roman" Church. She turned to a high form of Anglican-

ism, and in that faith was first baptized and confirmed.

But as time passed, she began to feel uneasy about the spiritual insecurity of her young family. On both sides there was a feeling of regret that they weren't all going the same way. Elizabeth's misconception of the Catholic mind led her into intellectual turmoil.

It was not until she read two books by Jacques Maritain, the Catholic philosopher, that the storm subsided and her conversion began. She was received into the Church on Easter Saturday, 1946.

Some of Lady Pakenham's friends expressed deep sorrow at her conversion. But the Anglican bishop who had first confirmed her thought she had done "the only wise and right thing," and in a letter wished her every happiness.

The Pakenham's seventh child had been born two months before Lady Pakenham's conversion, and had been baptized a Catholic. Their six other children, who were then aged 13, 12, eight, five, three, and two, were duly received into the Church. An eighth recruit was born the next year on All Saints' day.

Since 1950, the Pakenhams have lived in the Sussex village of Hurst Green (population 711); 28 miles away is the market town of Horsham, where Hilaire Belloc lived. Their house, secluded in acres of Scotch pines, has been intermittently in the family since the 18th century.

Like many converts, Lord and

Lady Pakenham show a fervor which puts many born Catholics to shame. Their religious knowledge is profound; both write for leading Catholic papers in Britain; both lecture for Catholic societies.

"I have always believed," says Lady Pakenham, "that women should at certain stages in their children's development be able to combine a career with a family.

"But I am under no delusion as to what is a woman's most exciting creation: a child. To anyone who has seen a baby's face emerge into the world, serene and calm as the most perfect Greek sculpture, before the first breath has been drawn or the first cry uttered—that sight must be the most moving and most beautiful in the whole world."

The Pakenhams often hold social evenings at home for close friends. A regular guest in 1956 was Hugh Fraser, a young Tory MP who was regarded as an outstanding back-bencher. There was much jovial speculation in the British press when the Pakenham's eldest daughter, Antonia, married Hugh. Really! How could the daughter of a Labor peer marry into the opposite party?

More friendly gibing was provoked last November, when Antonia's husband was appointed Parliamentary undersecretary of state to the War office. Lord Pakenham had held this post in 1946-47 for the Labor government.

Says Lord Pakenham, "There are things deeper than politics."

How God Made the Grand Canyon

He let the earth rise up, as the river filed it down

I SAW GRAND CANYON for the first time 20 years ago. In those days, travelers had no warning until they stood actually upon the brink. Usually they wandered about, wondering where the Canyon was. Then, suddenly, they were at the brink of a vast abyss.

Today a new road gives tourists a glimpse into the chasm as they approach. That spoils a bit of the drama; but perhaps it is just as well. On my first visit a fellow traveler took one look and then ran back to throw his arms around a tree. When I saw him last, he was desperately resisting the efforts of two women companions to pry him loose.

At first glance the Grand Canyon seems too strange to be real. Because one has nothing to compare it

with, it stuns the eye but cannot really hold the attention. For one thing, the scale is too large to be credited.

The Grand Canyon is ten miles wide and almost exactly a mile deep. But we are so accustomed to thinking of skyscrapers as high, and of St. Peter's or the Pentagon as massive, that we can hardly help misinterpreting what the eye sees. We cannot comprehend the magnitude of the mesas and curiously shaped buttes which rise all around us.

For a time it is too much like a scale model or an optical illusion. Because we cannot relate ourselves to it, we remain outside, very much as we remain outside the frame of a picture. To pass on to another picture is the almost inevitable impulse.



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And this is the reaction of most visitors to the Canyon.

To get into the picture one must relate one's self to it somehow, and that is not easy to do in a short time. A few of the more foolhardy brush warnings aside and plunge gaily downward on foot. Unless they are seasoned hikers they have to be rescued in a state of exhaustion from an illusory panorama through which, as in a dream, they seem unable to make any progress.

A more sensible procedure is to allow the relationship to establish itself gradually. After a few days well but quietly spent, one begins to lose the sense of unreality and to come to terms with a scale of magnitude which could not at first be taken in. The Canyon requires "a double take." Only thus does its size, and the antiquity and grandiosity of the forces which made it become real.

Hendrik van Loon once remarked that the entire population of the earth could be packed into a box only a mile wide, deep, and high. If such a box were dropped into the middle of Grand Canyon, he added, it would just about reach the rim but be not much more conspicuous than many of the mesas which here and there rise almost as high. Only a confirmed misanthropist will feel that the experiment would be worth making, but the visitor is soon struck by a more benign demonstration. This is the fact that hordes of men cannot fill the Canyon sufficiently

to detract from the sense of vast emptiness.

This is one of the most visited spots on earth. As a Swiss hotel is said to have boasted, "Thousands come here from all parts of the world seeking solitude." At Grand Canyon they can find it. They form their little knot around their hotel and its terrace. But one can lose them very easily and then literally have a whole landscape to oneself. Even from the terrace of Bright Angel lodge the Canyon is so empty that a little flurry of excitement rises when someone spots through his binoculars a moving speck.

The rim itself, except for the short stretch on either side of the main tourist area, is equally deserted. Within easy walking distance one finds a hundred perches where he may sit in absolute solitude. It is from such a perch that those who wish to take in the Canyon should begin to make its acquaintance.

Not very long ago, and after an absence of several years, I again took up my position on one of the little promontories jutting from the rim.

I looked across the ten miles to the opposite rim, down the successive terraces to the inner gorge at the invisible bottom of which the great river runs, and then at the wall of an opposite promontory on my own side. I checked where I could the dividing lines between the successive formations of the geological ages—the Permian limestone on which I sat, the hundreds of feet

of sandstone below it, the great Red-wall of the Carboniferous age, the resisting plateau of Cambrian sediments, and finally the black wall of Archean schist.

There was absolutely no sign that any man besides myself had ever been here or, for that matter, that he had ever existed at all. This scene, I say to myself, would be exactly what it is if he never had.

There is absolutely nothing to remind me of all that man has done in (and to) the globe he lives on. The tamer of fire and the inventor of the wheel might never have existed, to say nothing of Newton and Watt and Faraday. Here, so I am tempted to say, are the eternal hills without the eternal thoughts with which we have clothed them.

Scarcely a mile from where I sat a paved road was carrying cars to a village from which telegraph and telephone reach out. Magazines and newspapers are delivered. Occasionally an airplane hurtling across the continent passes overhead. A year or two ago two of them collided improbably above the Canyon and fell into its depths. These things suggest by what a narrow margin (and possibly for how short a time) such primitive, isolated spots as my perch may continue to exist.

The Canyon looks lawless, fantastic, whimsical. If it were on a lesser scale, one would be tempted to say "freakish." By comparison with the great simple outlines of most of nature's great works, by com-

parison with the Alps or the Himalayas or even Yosemite and Lake Louise, it seems deficient in rhyme or reason, a curiosity or mere anomaly, something dreamed rather than something illustrative of the grand principles in accordance with which our globe was formed.

Actually, the same great forces that elsewhere sculptured the earth in such varied but oft repeated ways worked out their problem here under a set of conditions never met elsewhere on any such scale.

A tale often told in various versions concerns a cowboy (or a prospector or a scout) who found himself suddenly upon the rim, who gasped, and then exclaimed aloud: "Something has happened here!" Obviously something has—something stupendous and seemingly catastrophic.

If you listen long enough by the parapet in front of Bright Angel lodge, you will hear theories expounded which would never have occurred to the men of any age before ours: those explanations, I mean, which suggest human agency.

One park ranger insists that he was asked some years ago if the Canyon had been a *WPA* project. Perhaps the propounder of this question was only a satiric rogue. But suggestions almost as preposterous have been seriously made, and they are usually introduced with some such remark as, "You can't tell me it was made without human aid."

Behind all such suggestions lies the unconscious assumption that man's works are by now the most imposing on earth and that his power now exceeds nature's. No age before ours would have made such an assumption. Man has always before thought of himself as puny by comparison with natural forces, and he was humble before them. But we have been so impressed by the achievements of technology that we are likely to think we can do more than nature herself. We dug the Panama Canal, didn't we? Why not the Grand Canyon?

We are suffering from delusions of grandeur that may bring about a tragic catastrophe in the end. It used to be said when a man accomplished some unusually impressive achievement that he had "God's help." Nowadays we are more likely to assume that He needs ours.

But if nature, following her recognizable laws, made the Canyon, "without human aid," then why did she do so many unusual things at this particular spot? Consider the most obvious anomaly. The mile-deep gash is cut through a high plateau 7,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level and surrounded everywhere by lower-lying lands. To get to it you must climb up, no matter from what direction you approach. Why did not the Colorado, like a normal river, flow around this obstruction as rivers nearly everywhere flow around even mere hillocks?

The essential fact is this: the

Colorado once flowed across flat country which lay at approximately the level of the present stream bed. It had climbed no mountains to get there; resisted no impulse to run steeply the shortest way downhill; and its height above sea level was not greater than it is now. The river, though it cut through rock now forming the rim, was never "up there."

Slowly, however, the earth began to rise under the river—never fast enough to dump it out of its channel, never so fast that it could not cut downward more rapidly than the earth rose.

At the same time, the Colorado was becoming a mightier river. As each of the successive ice ages ended, melting snow and ice brought flooding waters and with them the sand and pebbles and stones with which the river cuts downward—not so much like the knife with which it is commonly compared, as like a file or a cutting disk well supplied with abrasive. Moreover, as geologists are fond of pointing out, the process was not like pushing a knife into a cake, but like raising the cake slowly upward against a knife.

No one knows why the earth rises, falls, and sometimes buckles or breaks in its alarming way. But it has done just that many times in the past and is doing it now. A year or two ago one of the Galapagos islands rose with such unusual suddenness that what had been a bay became a shore. The Himalayas are thought

to be still in the making, and Mount Everest to be rising. Parts of the California coast are also rising, other parts of the U. S. sinking. Whether or not the rocks of the Canyon walls and floor are still moving upward no one knows, though earthquakes in the region suggest that they may be, and there is plenty of cutting power still left in the Colorado. In recent times it has carried as much as 27 million tons of sand and silt past Bright Angel Point in one day and probably averages more than half a million—another reminder that 'hu-

man aid" couldn't approximate its work.

Mountains are still a great deal more massive than skyscrapers. The most awesome force that man-induced atomic fission has ever released is puny by comparison with that unleashed in a hurricane, to say nothing of that which lifted the Rockies and the Alps. If the Empire State building had been built on the Colorado river, its roof would be just barely visible from the rim as it peeped above the inner gorge some 4,000 feet below.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

In the fall of 1933, I was a member of the Notre Dame freshman football team. It was the custom for the freshmen to scrimmage against the varsity, using each week the plays of the team Notre Dame would meet that Saturday.

I played right end. My assignment was to block out the varsity left tackle. The fellow I had to face was a great All-American, the present athletic director at Notre Dame, Ed (Moose) Krause.

You can imagine how I felt every time I ran out to line up against so awesome an opponent. Although I put everything I had into every scrimmage, I don't think I made a single good block on the Moose all season. I took a fearful drubbing. Every night I would drag my aching bones to the showers, sometimes wondering what idiot had invented football. I began to fear that I might not hold onto my position on the squad.

Came the scrimmage before the final game of the season. I prayed that I might stay in one piece for just one more afternoon. As we began to line up for the first play, Ed, looking fresher and more formidable than ever, glanced across at me and said, "Bob, I'm feeling pretty tired. How about taking it a little easy on each other tonight?"

That was plenty O.K. with me. In his own way, the Moose was giving me an A for effort.

Bob Haegue.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

Detroit lights up the sky

*Where iron ore comes off the ship one day
and appears in a finished auto the next*

ACCORDING to tradition, the first permanent building to be put up on the site of Detroit was a Catholic church. The city was founded July 24, 1701, 75 years before the American Revolution, by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, a French soldier and agent for Louis XIV.

Cadillac directed 100 Frenchmen in the construction of Fort Pontchartrain as a defense against sometimes hostile Indians. The builders gave saints' names to the streets. They called the strategic waterway point *détroit* (strait). Later Cadillac wrote prophetically, "This location is ideal for building eventually a large town."

Beaver pelts were in demand for

beaver hats. And Detroit soon became an important fur-trading post. Hundreds of families settled on flat land around the fort to trap and farm, and the nucleus of a great city was formed.

Descendant of Cadillac's little log church is St. Anne's, mother church of the Northwest, the present building being the sixth of the name in the line of succession. The parish records are preserved in an unbroken series in its archives; the first entry is that of the Baptism of a child of Cadillac himself.

The immediate predecessor of the present church building was destroyed in a city-wide fire in 1805. It was rebuilt by Father Gabriel Richard, a major figure in the early



history of education in Michigan.

Father Richard fled France to avoid persecution after he had refused to take an oath of allegiance to the revolutionary government. After the British captured Detroit in 1812, he was jailed for a year after he had advised residents not to take an oath of allegiance to England. In 1823, he was elected to Congress. He was the only priest ever to sit in the House of Representatives.

Father Richard trained Detroit's first schoolteachers; he opened separate academies for boys and girls; he was one of the founders of the University of Michigan. He introduced and operated the city's first printing press, and published its first book, *Child's Spelling Book*. Later he published the city's first newspaper, the *Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer*. Several Michigan schools have been named after him.

Today the Detroit archdiocese ranks 7th largest in the U. S. Some 1,120 priests and 5,500 nuns serve its 1,288,275 Catholics in 302 parishes. The see has 354 schools and six colleges, attended by 256,000 students. The University of Detroit has a record student body of 7,500 men and women.

The Archbishop of Detroit, John Francis Dearden, was formerly the Bishop of Pittsburgh. He succeeded Edward Cardinal Mooney, who died suddenly in Rome last year.

Detroit, the oldest city in the Mid-

west, has become the 5th largest city in the nation. On the Detroit river, it fronts a perfect natural harbor that handles more commerce than any other port except New York. Down the river goes more ship traffic than is handled by the Panama, Suez, and Kiel canals combined.

Auto manufacturing helped Detroit grow. In 1914, when most industries paid \$1.75 for a ten-hour day, Henry Ford suddenly announced for his employees an eight-hour day with a \$5 minimum, even for sweepers.

Autos were selling at prices out of the reach of most working men. Shrewd Ford knew that other industries would have to follow his lead and that increased wages would boom auto sales. He gambled that his workers, with production short cuts, would make up the difference on the assembly lines. They did. His plan was so successful that he sent \$50 rebate checks to 308,213 persons who bought Fords that year!

The then fabulous wages and short hours attracted workers from all over the world. In one day alone, 10,000 men applied for jobs at Ford's Highland Park plant. The city became a true melting pot. Colonies of Irish, English, Italians, Serbs, Greeks, Russians, even Arabs, settled in Detroit and added quaint touches of foreign cultures to the city.

The population has zoomed from half a million in 1914 to 1,910,000 today. Cities and towns grew rapid-

ly on the outskirts until now the metropolitan area includes 3,770,000 people. Detroit has cities within a city. Highland Park (pop. 44,000) and Hamtramck (40,000) are entirely surrounded by Detroit, yet operate their own municipalities, even police and fire departments.

Downtown Detroit was laid out from a plan by Pierre L'Enfant, the French engineer who also planned Washington, D.C. Several important streets radiate from the half circle of Grand Circus park in a charming but most confusing manner. The rest of Detroit expanded so fast it outdistanced the planners. Streets in some outlying sections are irregularly laid out. But handy arterial avenues like Michigan, Grand River, Woodward, and Gratiot angle across the city like cuts in a pie, and speed large volumes of traffic.

You drive out Gratiot, past the city limits, to see the \$1 million estates of industrialists along Lake St. Clair shores. Woodward Ave. takes you out a few miles to the Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak.

Michigan Ave. leads you through Dearborn to the gate of famous Greenfield Village, founded by Henry Ford. This is probably the only museum in the world that collects landmarks and historic buildings. An exact replica of Independence hall stands near the entrance. All other building exhibits are the real thing.

You can tour the same Logan County courthouse in which Abe

Lincoln practiced law, and see the chair in which he was shot; you can visit Menlo Park laboratory and compound, where Thomas Edison built the first incandescent lamp and dozens of other useful inventions; and admire the beautiful Susquehanna house, originally built 308 years ago.

Behind Stephen Foster's carefully restored home you can board a real paddle-wheel steamer for a short cruise. You may relax and travel the grounds in a horse-drawn buggy, stopping to view such fascinating exhibits as a 175-car collection of historic autos.

In another suburban area is Cranbrook, with its landscaped grounds and fine outdoor sculpture, and its Institutes of Science and of Art.

Detroit itself offers more cultural wonders in its art institute, children's museum, historical museum, and the main Detroit library, a classical work of architecture by Cass Gilbert, who designed the U. S. Supreme Court building. The library houses the world's most complete collection of automotive writings.

Detroit is in the midst of a \$1 billion face-lifting. Several thousand acres of slums and ancient commercial buildings have been razed. They are being replaced with sorely needed expressways, dwelling units, and public buildings. One project is the 72-acre civic center. Eyesores like rotting warehouses and cheap hotels were torn down, and on the

same land now stands the 22-story City-County building, the Veterans Memorial building, the huge Convention and Exhibits hall, and the acoustically perfect Edsel Ford auditorium, new home of the renowned Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

For summer amusement, Detroiters flock to beautiful wooded Belle Isle in the Detroit river, reached by bridge from downtown. Here they swim, picnic, listen to open-air concerts at the music shell, or visit the children's zoo, where chimps and other animals romp in storybook surroundings.

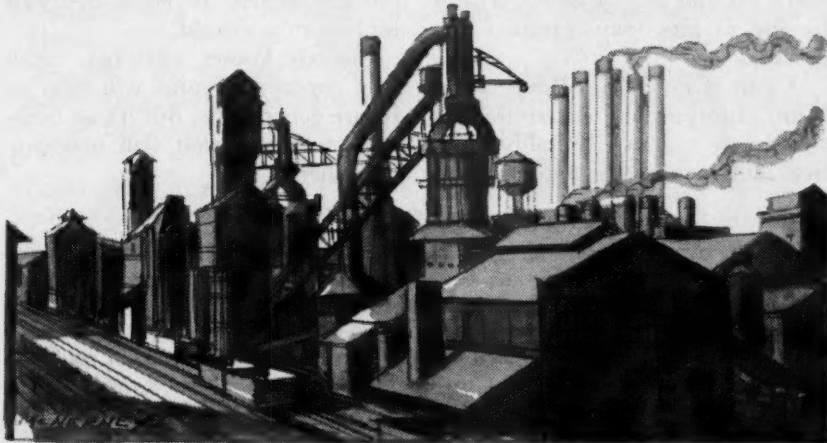
Detroit is one of only two cities—New York is the other—which support professional baseball, football, basketball, and hockey teams. About 250,000 men and women are avid bowlers, and 225,000 golf fans take to the fairways on 77 public and private courses, some of them rated among the best in the whole country.

There is boating on the Detroit river and Lake St. Clair; swimming from spacious Metropolitan beach, one of the world's largest. Winter sports include skating, skiing, tobogganing, ice fishing, and iceboating.

Detroit is the doorstep to Michigan's wonderland of hunting and fishing. Well-stocked lakes and streams and some 30 public hunting sites are only a brief drive from the city.

Many fun seekers head for nearby Canada. Detroit and Windsor, Ont., are often called "twin cities." The friendly neighbors are linked by the Ambassador bridge and the air-conditioned Fleetway tunnel, a pair of engineering marvels. (From Detroit you travel due south to reach Canada!)

Many Windsor residents work in Detroit and commute daily to their jobs. Anybody questioned by border police need only produce a driver's



license or a similar identification. Travel restrictions between the two countries are more lenient than at any other international border. After two days, tourists may bring back \$200 in duty-free merchandise; after 12 days, \$500 worth.

The Detroit area's biggest tourist attractions are its mighty manufacturing industries: autos, stoves, adding machines, chemicals, refrigerators, motors, all kinds of mass-produced products.

Least known is its salt mine, located below the downtown district. To reach it, you descend a 1,100-foot shaft by elevator and ride through miles of awesome white tunnels carved out of a mountain-size salt dome. You watch miners drilling holes for dynamite. It is like standing in a white coal mine.

The "Big Three" auto manufacturers urge you to vacation in the Detroit area, tour their plants to see your favorite cars being built, then buy a car and drive it home, letting freight savings pay vacation expenses.

A tour of Ford's vast Rouge plant is an unforgettable adventure. Its two square miles of assembly lines, steel mills, coke ovens, and glass and

paper plants make up the biggest single industrial concentration the world has ever known. An army of 63,000 workers is employed during its normal operation. It is said that iron ore comes off a ship one day and appears in a finished auto the next. Rouge is most impressive at night, when the ruby glow of its blast furnaces and the bright orange fire of molten glass light up the sky for miles.

At the Plymouth works you will want to see new cars rolling off the biggest assembly line ever built, a full half-mile long. Down the line, busy workers clamber in and out of autos in various stages of construction, each man adding pieces to the mechanical jigsaw puzzles.

General Motors welcomes visitors to its \$25 million Technical Research center. Here scientists work with wind tunnels, electron microscopes, radioactive tracers, and electronic computers. Here, too, you can preview models of autos designed for tomorrow's world.

Nobody knows what new products American genius will offer to future generations. But it's an odds-on bet that Detroit will mass-produce them.

❖

A Franciscan missioner traveling through the jungle came suddenly upon a lion. Flight was hopeless; the missioner dropped quickly to his knees in anxious prayer. Minutes later he was greatly comforted to note that the lion had fallen on his knees beside him.

"Dear Brother Lion," exclaimed the missioner in great relief. "How good it is to see you joining me in prayer! Only a minute ago I despaired for my life."

"Quiet!" snapped the lion. "I'm saying grace." *V.F.W. Magazine* (May '59).

The world is a horn of plenty

God has given man the materials and the skill to feed a vastly increased population

THE POPULATION of the world is estimated to be 2.7 billion. Even as you read this article, world totals are inching ahead at the rate of almost two persons a second. At that rate, an extra 80,000 people must find room for themselves every new day. The human race, at its present fantastic rate of growth, will double itself by the year 2000.

It is little wonder, therefore, that the worriers are shouting that soon there will be "standing room only" on our planet, that overpopulation is a more deadly menace than the H-bomb.

But must the increase in population be the bogeyman so many writers and lecturers are making it out to be?

Let's grant that "to eat or not to eat" is for tens of millions of people a desperate daily question. Let's grant too, that 80% of the world's population today suffers from malnutrition. Nevertheless, nutritional problems need not exist, either now or in the future.

We have the tools, the technology,



and the resources to feed everyone in the world today—or in the year 2000.

Dr. James F. Bonner, a biologist at the California Institute of Technology, has asserted that if all the carbon produced on earth by land plants (16 million tons a year) were in edible form, it would feed 45 times the present human population. The carbon from cultivated lands alone is ten times as much as is needed. Dr. Bonner also said that if all potentially arable land were cultivated intensively, it could support about 7.6 billion people, at least 50% more than the 5 billion expected to be around at the end of the century.

The food picture in the U.S., despite a population growth of 20 million per decade, is anything but grim. Rather, the picture is one of overabundance and tragic waste.

Here is what one government agriculturist told me at a recent meeting of the American Chemical society. "The U.S. has the resources to support a doubled population—and it can support such a population 100 years from now—on a plane of living eight times as high as that of the

present. It has been estimated that the U.S. could today without any increase in its production support 275 million people just by eliminating waste.

"On a diet of vegetables, fruit, and dairy products, the U.S. could support 500 million. If our country would make full use of its resources and abilities, we could support 4 billion on an American standard of living, 5 billion on a European level of living, and 10 billion on a Japanese standard."

The blame for the indescribable poverty and malnutrition suffered in millions of less fortunate lands must be placed directly in the lap of man himself, the master of the planet's resources. In general, world leaders continue to look at food problems in terms of 19th-century facts. All we need do to dispel the overpopulation bogeyman is to take full advantage of nutritional knowledge spelled out clearly in our best scientific journals.

Dr. Bonner does not think much of proposals for solving the problem by chemical synthesis of food or by growing algae in nutrient solutions. Much more promising, he thinks, are proposals for irrigating deserts with freshened sea water. That kind of agriculture would be expensive, but it can be developed if the need is great enough.

Another potential source of food is the ocean. The fishing industry as we know it (that is, the catching of "wild" fish) will never be a really

THE FERTILITY OF HUNGER

The theory that "overpopulation" causes hunger is exactly the opposite of the truth. Hunger causes too much population.

Proof that hunger breeds fertility has come from discoveries about protein metabolism and its effects on hormones, the glandular secretions that control both sexual desire and fertility. Experiments by biologist J. R. Slonaker in 1927 showed that as protein content of a diet increases, reproductive capacity drops. At the same time, higher protein diets bring greater resistance to disease.

When protein intake is high enough to guarantee a good chance of survival among offspring, the number of offspring falls off because there is less danger of extinction.

Increased volume of food is not the whole answer to the hunger problem. Enough food of the right kind must reach the human groups that need it.

Josué de Castro in *Collier's*
(19 Jan. '52).

large source of food, and the microscopic vegetation of the sea is too dilute for easy harvesting. But Dr. Bonner thinks that some algae-eating animal (a "sea pig") may be domesticated or developed to graze on sea water, as cattle graze on grass. His conclusion is that there is no

practical limit to the amount of food that the world can produce.

The science of chemurgy, the mating of the chemical and agricultural sciences, has hardly begun. The infant science will grow into a giant. If properly controlled by man, it can mean full stomachs in every part of the world. Of course, its aim goes beyond producing food. Chemurgy will convert farm goods into all sorts of industrial and domestic items: paint, rubber, motor fuel, soaps, medicines. Crops will go to work as raw materials for industry.

Chemurgy can explode once and for all the concept that the world's food needs must be stated in bushels of wheat. Now, each bushel of agricultural product is being looked upon in terms of the amount of starch, protein, fat, and cellulose it contains. Such products are beginning to get the same scientific analysis that has paid off so handsomely in the chemical industry. Farming is simply coming of age, fighting back against competitive inroads of synthetics derived from air, water, coal, oil, and other minerals.

Chemurgy has led to the discovery that the growth of plants may be doubled by such drugs as penicillin, terramycin, bacitracin, and others. These drugs, waste products

given off by molds and germs found in the earth, destroy or stop the growth of bacteria and thereby save plant food for the plant. Dr. Louis G. Nickel got corn and radishes to sprout twice as fast and grow twice as heavy as before by adding one ounce of antibiotic to 7,000 gallons of water.

A leading chemurgist, H. Douglas Tate, said recently, "Within the next 50 years it is probable that growth regulants will be discovered that will double or triple the yield of many crops when uses of these chemicals are coupled with advances in plant breeding, fertilization, and cultural practices."

God has given man the materials and skill to feed the human race. It is man's duty to face up to responsibility. There is no overpopulation problem. There is only the problem of man's selfishness and his indifference to the plight of those who are hungry.

Man must either make provision to fill empty stomachs or suffer the tragic consequences which always result from the desperation of hungry hordes. The sad alternative was described by Seneca more than 2000 years ago: "A hungry people will not endure reason; they will not listen to justice; they will not even pray."

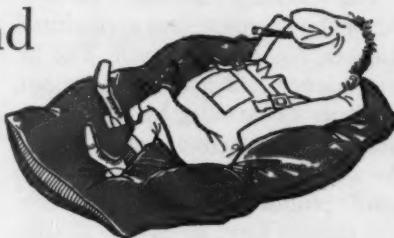


Telegram sent by a new father to his mother: "Congratulations. You have just become a baby sitter."

Charles V. Mathis.

Featherbedding and Unemployment

Is there a connection between them?



FEATHERBEDDING is in great part responsible for some of America's most acute economic miseries, including unemployment.

Featherbedding is any practice by which workers manage to get paid for not working or for performing less work than can reasonably be expected of them. Sometimes, as in the case of the railroads, featherbedding is sanctified by law; sometimes it is written into labor-management contracts under duress; sometimes it is imposed by a labor-union agent on the spot. Often, workers of their own accord will slow down on the job in order to force an increase in their pay. On the face of it, featherbedding brings to the laboring man more pay for less work. But there are other effects. Consider home building.

The Associated General Contractors of America estimate that the cost of building in the U. S. is raised 20% by featherbedding. Thus, the build-

er of a \$20,000 home pays \$4,000 to featherbedders. That \$4,000 is included in the mortgage, and the owner must pay interest on it for years. Obviously, some families find the overpriced home just beyond their reach, and decide to go without; and that means fewer jobs, not only for construction workers, but also for workers in the supply and service industries related to building.

Last year the Building and Trades department of the AFL-CIO adopted a ten-point program intended to eliminate some of the more costly featherbedding practices; investigation shows that the local leaders have simply disregarded the program.

Here are some of the schemes operating in the construction industries. Bricklayers who used to lay 1,000 bricks a day are now limited to half that number. Paint brushes may not be more than four inches in width; the use of spray guns is restricted. Electricians may install only

a given number of outlets in a day; carpenters may not hang more than a given number of doors.

Union rules require that pipes should be threaded on the job, not at the pipe factory, where improved machinery can considerably increase the output. Trucks delivering plumbing material must carry a plumber whose only duty is to sit with the driver. Construction workers waiting for materials may not help unload the trucks delivering them.

Some featherbedding schemes stagger the imagination. A contractor put up some houses in which he used wooden sashes which had been glazed at the factory; in another he used metal sashes which had to be glazed on the job. The union agent decreed that the metal sashes could not be glazed until all the windows in the completed houses were removed and replaced by his men, at union wages.

The 1st floor of a two-story building was being remodeled. The upper story, in no way involved in the job, consisted of apartments. However, when it came to glazing the ground floor, the union refused to go ahead with the job until the 14 windows in the upper story were removed and replaced.

In New York there is an on-the-spot rule that a \$5,000 construction job on or above the 5th floor calls for the employment of a "hoisting engineer," at a salary of \$150 a week.

The fact that the building has an elevator operator is not considered. If the contractor objects to the cost, however, the agent may conciliate; that is, he may estimate that the job will take four weeks, and offer to take \$550 in cash in lieu of \$600 to a "hoisting engineer."

During prohibition days it was common practice among bootleggers to divide areas of exploitation among themselves; unions, especially in the construction business, are still doing it. At a Congressional hearing, a firm of Chicago roofers testified that they had been ordered by a union not to operate north of 47th St., because that area had been assigned to another unionized roofer. When the firm defied the order, the union put it out of business by the simple device of cutting off the firm's sources of supply. The object of such territorial division is, of course, to cut down competition and make featherbedding possible. The favored contractors are in cahoots with their benefactors.

Jimmy Hoffa has introduced a number of extortionist methods, but the principal ones come under the head of territorial prerogatives.

The main entrances to New York City from the rest of the country are over or under the Hudson river. A truck from out of town is met at the New Jersey end of the George Washington bridge or the Holland tunnel by a member of the New York Teamster local. The driver is

informed that he may not enter New York, even though he holds a union card, unless he takes aboard a bona fide member of the New York Teamsters union organization.

Theoretically, this extra driver will offer to work for his pay: he will deliver the truck to its destination and return the empty truck to the point of entry. However, no shipper will entrust the load to a stranger and, besides, what would the out-of-town driver be doing while the load is being delivered? So the second driver merely sits on the truck and collects pay; he does not even help to unload. The union claims that the out-of-town driver cannot be expected to know the traffic regulations in the city and must have a pilot.

The Schultz Co., truckers, once maintained a terminal and delivery service in New York, employing only members of local 807. The firm decided to move across the river into New Jersey, where it hired members of the local union. But when these union drivers tried to make deliveries to Schultz customers in the city, local 807 picketed their trucks. Local warehousemen would not unload them. The matter came up for adjudication before the National Labor Relations board, and that body found for 807 on the ground that there was a contract covering the matter. Schultz went out of business. While the purpose of the practice was to make jobs for members of 807 it deprived other drivers of the

means of gaining their livelihoods.

A number of concerns which maintained distributing points in the city—warehouses to serve custom-

Daniel P. Loomis, president of the Association of American Railroads, asserts that featherbedding costs the railroads at least \$500 million a year. This cost, he says, has been a major factor in curtailing services, thus causing the loss of a half-million rail jobs in the last 12 years. He puts the blame on such practices as these.

1. The mileage-day pay system. Standardized 40 years ago, when trains averaged 20 miles an hour, it established a day's wage at either eight hours or 100 miles, whichever pays the higher. Now the engineer on the New York to Washington run may collect as much as 2½ basic days' pay for a trip of about four hours.

2. Jurisdictional rules banning road crews from yard work, and vice versa, and preventing train crews from crossing district and seniority boundaries.

3. Useless crew positions, and "excess crew" laws in 16 states. Some diesels still have to carry firemen, and the same freight train that carries two brakemen in Minnesota needs three in North Dakota, only two in Montana and Idaho, but three again when it reaches Washington.

Fortune (April '59).

ers in New England and the Middle Atlantic states—have moved their plants across the river, to avoid payment of tribute to 807. There are that many fewer jobs for members of 807.

Featherbedding causes unemployment in the printing business, especially the newspaper end of it. Fifty years ago the population of New York was half its present size, but there were twice as many separate dailies published as there are today. The cost of labor has forced the price of newspapers from 1¢ to a dime. A dozen years ago, when the 100-year-old *Sun* sold out to the *World-Telegram*, it ran on the front page of its last issue a signed editorial in which the publisher put the blame for the demise on labor costs. It was no longer possible, he said, to publish a daily in New York with less than 300,000 circulation. Of course, when a paper goes out of existence, its employees must find other jobs—if they can. Despite the phenomenal technological improvements in printing, the labor costs have more than offset the savings.

The labor costs were to a large extent raised by the featherbedding called, by the workers themselves, "bogus." Advertisements are frequently submitted to newspapers in matrix form, type set, ready for platemaking. The newspaper's type-composition room is bypassed. However, a union rule requires that after the advertisement has been run, the advertisement must be set up again,

proofread, corrected, and then destroyed.

News and syndicated features can be set in type in many cities at once by the teletypesetter, a device for punching words on a paper tape. The tape is then fed into the conventional typesetting machine; there is no manual typesetting. This labor-saving device could reduce the price of newspapers, increase circulation, and thus create new jobs. But the union insists that every contract carry a clause which forbids the laying off of workers whose services are made obsolete by any labor-saving device.

Then there is "job classification." This is the practice of forbidding men of a certain skill to do the unskilled work assigned to another craft. Recently the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers' union called a strike of 4,600 men at the Gulf Oil Corp.'s Port Arthur, Texas, refinery because the company wished to eliminate the following practices. 1. That an employee in the instrumental department must call a pipe fitter when he wishes to disconnect a piece of pipe. 2. That an employee in the tool house must call another to mark the bin with symbols to identify its contents. 3. That an employee using a portable air compressor must call another to start the compressor. 4. That when a boilermaker wishes to remove a plug for testing he must call another employee to do the job.

Some featherbedding seems even

more outrageous. A charity decided to enliven a fund-raising affair with a 15-minute dramatic skit. A few lamps—which could easily have been put into a taxicab—were needed. But since these lamps come under the head of theatrical equipment, the charity managers had to hire a union delivery service costing \$75.

The deliverer duly laid the lamps on the loading platform of the hotel where the affair was to be held; he was not allowed to bring them into the hall. For this transportation job the management had to put in a "call"; a "call" consists of the services of an electrician and a helper, a carpenter (scene shifter) and an assistant, and the minimum charge for such services (15 minutes' work) is the union scale for three hours: approximately \$40.

Next, there was a setting-up "call," for preparing the equipment for rehearsal; charge, \$40. After that came the rehearsal "call," during which the foursome was on hand to perform whatever needed to be done or not done: \$40. Finally, there was the performance "call"; again the charge was \$40.

The whole operation was concluded in three hours, but the four men were paid for 16 hours, at union scale. During the three hours, the hotel electrician, whose wages are included in the hall rental, had to be on hand to show the stage electrician where to plug in the wires. After all this was over, there was a take-down

"call" and the hauling-away charge. The cost to the charity came to about \$500.

If you went to see Victor Borge's one-man show (without props), you not only paid for the entertainment he afforded you, but also for the presence of four idle musicians and 11 idle stagehands.

Permission was granted Billy Graham to open his evangelical series at Madison Square Garden on condition that he hire two stagehands, whose only function was to put a pitcher of water on the podium.

The Taft-Hartley act declared featherbedding to be an unfair labor practice, and a union which indulges in it may be denied the good offices of the NLRB. The penalty is invoked only after a complaint is filed with the NLRB and after the NLRB has declared the practice to be illegal featherbedding. While this procedure is going on the union can well put the complaining employer out of business. In practice, the comparatively few cases that have come up before the NLRB have resulted in the issuance of a cease-and-desist order. It is then duly displayed on the bulletin board of the union headquarters, for the amusement of the members.

If the unions did not enjoy immunity from the antitrust laws which the rest of society must obey, most of the featherbedding practices would disappear.

Gregory finds a friend

*As the urchin rifled the poor box,
a figure emerged from the shadows*

LEVEN-YEAR-OLD Gregory was a scrap of flotsam, drifting on the uncertain tide of tourist pennies and pesos in Cuernavaca, Mexico. Cuernavaca is a city of about 30,000, some 50 miles southwest of Mexico City. Gregory started his average day by snatching a papaya or banana from a vendor's cart in Tepetates market. If he was lucky, he wheedled enough out of some *Americano* sipping and dining at a sidewalk café to buy something for dinner.

At midnight he curled up in some flower-fragrant corner of the park to sleep, with only his ragged shirt to ward off biting predawn winds. He was on his own like this for several years, the unwanted, illegitimate son of European parents, abandoned in a tourist mecca.

One day in the summer of 1954 Gregory discovered that it was possible to rifle the wooden box marked "For the Poor" in the tiny church at the head of the market street. The boy knew that prison was certain if he were caught, there being no spe-



cial provision in most Mexican states for juvenile offenders. But he found the temptation irresistible. The warm dinner he was able to buy after his first venture made the little he got seem well worth the risk.

After more than a week of Operation Poor Box, Gregory was convinced that it was a poor boy's dream come true. But one night a dark figure emerged soundlessly from the shadows, and the game was up.

His captor was an American-born priest, Father William Wasson, pastor of the pathetically poor church.

*St. Benedict, Ore. November, 1958. © 1958 by Mount Angel Abbey, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Father Wasson had to turn Gregory over to the police and appear as witness at his trial the following day.

His heart sank as he heard the judge say to the boy, "I sentence you to from three to five years in the penitentiary." Father Wasson had visited prisons, and had observed the brutal ritual in which hardened criminals initiated lads like Gregory.

The priest stepped forward impulsively, begging, "Please, your honor, don't send him to prison. I'll give him a home."

The judge was startled at the proposal, and Gregory stared unbelievably at his captor. Most surprised of all was the priest. He had no money with which to care for the boy. He had no "home" to take him to.

What happened after that can best be explained by going back to the days when Bill Wasson was Gregory's age, growing up in a comfortable home near Phoenix, Ariz. His father dealt in real estate, and often on his long trips he encountered homeless boys. He did what he could to solve their immediate problems and then found aid for them through state and Church agencies. Young Bill shared his father's enthusiasm for practical charity. And he was determined to become a priest.

In 1939 Bill went off to study at the Benedictine seminary in Conception, Mo. Shortly before ordination, his never robust health began to fail. Doctors advised him to give up hopes of ever becoming a priest.

He rode out this stunning disappointment, and decided to prepare himself for a career in social work. He earned a Master's degree in law and social sciences in 1947. He spent his spare time seeking foster homes for delinquent youths and studying criminology. For a time he worked as placement adviser to the juvenile-court authorities in Phoenix, Ariz. Then, while he was on a brief vacation to Mexico, ill health once more changed the course of his life.

In Mexico City he suffered a severe illness. While he convalesced, he realized that he had fallen in love with the country. He decided to postpone studies for a Ph.D., and instead took a post as professor of criminology at the fast-growing Mexico City college. He went from there to become student counselor to the American school in Mexico City.

He renewed his friendship with a former priest professor, founder of the only Benedictine abbey in Mexico, in the rugged hills above Cuernavaca. He confided to the priest his long-cherished plan of starting a boys' home for the hundreds of waifs who swarmed the plaza like a pack of famished dogs.

Through the interested monk, Bill was introduced to Cuernavaca's progressive-minded Bishop Sergio Arceo. The prelate astonished Bill by advising him to pick up his vocation again, and then go ahead, as a priest, to found his boys' home.

His health had improved consid-

erably. He returned immediately to the U.S. for an intensive refresher course, and in May, 1953, he went back to Cuernavaca to be ordained by Bishop Arceo.

Father Wasson was placed in charge of an out-at-the-elbows chapel, serving the vendors of Tepetates market. He repainted the church, and added a charming chapel of our Lady. He also added a clinic-dispensary and a kindergarten.

The bishop had long been conscious of the desperate need for an English-speaking priest to preach, hear Confessions, and otherwise care for the growing colony of American visitors and residents. So it was not long before Father Wasson was named pastor of the Third Order Franciscan church downtown.

Meanwhile, the priest did what he could to help the urchins. He was able to place several in private homes, but seemed unable to bring the boys' home closer to reality. The bishop had promised his moral support, but was unable to offer financial help. Then, on that August night in 1954, Father Wasson took up his vigil in Tepetates church to catch a thief.

Gregory's release from his grim sentence touched off a series of exciting developments. A Catholic couple who had known Father Wasson since before his ordination donated the first month's rent on a large house on a side street. By nightfall, the priest and the frightened

orphan were all alone in a two-story house without a stick of furniture.

Within two weeks, nine more "Gregorys" arrived. The boys formed the nucleus of Father Wasson's *Neustros Pequenos Hermanos* (Our Little Brothers).

By September, 1955, the house had been furnished with odds and ends, and meals were reaching the big dining room three times a day, thanks to a kindhearted American resident who cooked them herself. She had operated for years a swank catering service for foreign embassies in Mexico City.

The place was bulging with 32 youngsters when an autumn hurricane in Tampico added 36 new boys in one day.

The boys had followed the news of the storm which almost destroyed the coastal city. When Father Wasson learned that many children were desperately in need of help, he called his family of 32 together and put the problem to them. "I think it would be wonderful if we could make room for some of these fellows. But it's up to you to decide whether we all get short rations for a while."

The response was overwhelmingly in favor of sharing everything with new brothers. Mexicano de Aviación flew the padre to Tampico, where he rounded up exhausted and terrified boys from flooded streets. The airline also furnished a cargo plane to carry the boys to Cuernavaca. The old-timers slept three in a bed and

ate smaller portions of beans and *tortillas* to make the additions to their family feel at home.

Just when it seemed impossible to continue the home under such crowded conditions, a convert Scot, a long-time resident of Cuernavaca, offered to buy a ramshackle ranch-like building on a large plot overlooking the city. It required considerable remodeling, but it proved a godsend to the Little Brothers, who needed an outlet for their youthful energies.

The average day now follows a regular routine for the 72 lads who not long ago were stealing meals from fruit stands. The boys attend 6:30 Mass on weekdays and Sundays, and say the Rosary together every night.

From 9:30 to 1:30 daily they study the regular course of primary subjects. From 2:30 to 6:30 they learn trades: barbering, masonry, ironworking, carpentry, and animal husbandry. A trained choirmaster is producing a first-rate boys' choir.

Father Wasson now has zealous volunteer helpers. Two women (one

from Virginia, the other from Rhode Island) handle the heavy correspondence. The retired head of a utilities company in Cuernavaca acts as business manager. A one-time businessman from El Paso and a former TV program director from Phoenix give up vacations to help ride herd on the 72 active youngsters when they undertake one of their day-long outings or on their annual trek to Tam-pico.

Father Wasson not only directs all the activities of the Little Brothers but preaches nine sermons and offers three Masses every Sunday and holyday.

Many of the older boys have become heads of dormitories and counselors to the younger ones, while being trained in the various shops. Gregory, the first of the Little Brothers, is now engaged in special studies in the U.S. Another boy, whose mother is dead and whose father is in prison for life, has walked away with high scholastic honors in the public school, in competition with American and Mexican children from excellent homes.

GAMESMANSHIP

A golfer was having a bad day on the famed Monte Carlo course. Not one of his shots went right. At the 18th hole he made a last swipe at the ball, missed completely, and tore up about a yard of turf.

He strolled disgustedly from the tee and looked down at the blue Mediterranean, hundreds of feet below. Several sailboats were gliding lazily about. "How can anyone be expected to shoot a decent game," demanded the golfer passionately, "with those infernal ships rushing back and forth?"

American Weekly (24 Aug. '58).

Sleeping and Dreaming

Laboratory research is debunking some of our most cherished notions



AT LAST the myths about sleep can be separated from the facts. Scientific studies now under way are revising old theories about sleeping habits. Are you getting enough sleep? Is a cat nap worth the time it takes? Does dreaming make your sleep less restful? Dr. Joe Kamiya, director of the dream and sleep research project, University of Chicago, answers these and other questions about an age-old problem.

Dr. Kamiya, how much sleep does a person need?

There is no set amount. Some adults require nine hours or even ten every night, and others need only five or six. There's no magic about the number eight. Knowing the average (which happens to be about seven and a half hours) doesn't help you at all. You wouldn't buy a pair of shoes just because they were of average size.

Then how can a person tell how much sleep he needs?

Probably the best way is by varying the amount of sleep he allows himself, and then seeing how efficiently he can perform his daily tasks.

If you are reluctant to get out of bed in the morning, does that mean you aren't getting enough sleep?

Not necessarily. Many persons feel that way on awakening, and often it has nothing to do with how much sleep they had. Our efficiency seems to operate in cycles. Generally, we feel at a low ebb just before we go to bed and when we get up, at a peak at other times. This has been proved by giving people mental and physical tests just at bedtime and again on awakening. Scores at the two periods were about the same. But later, as body efficiency rose, reflexes were faster, problems were solved more easily, and fewer errors were made on tests given.

What about cat naps?

The cat nap is a very effective way of getting rid of that extremely tired

*2300 N St., N.W., Washington 7, D.C. Feb. 6, 1959. © 1959 by U.S. News Publishing Corp., and reprinted with permission.

feeling that one occasionally gets, but most people don't need it regularly.

Does sleep get rid of "poisons" that fatigue creates in your system?

The specific physiological reasons for man's need for sleep are not yet clear to science. It appears that we are now approaching the point of providing a more nearly satisfactory answer. We now know that one of the lower centers of the brain, called the reticular activating system, is involved in controlling wakefulness and sleep.

How long can a person go without sleep?

No one really knows. A group of soldiers in an army test stayed awake for from 72 to 90 hours. Dr. Kleitman once stayed awake, or, rather, was kept awake, a week. It took a crew of watchers playing cards with him at first, walking around with him, and finally slapping him about to keep him from going to sleep. Apparently will power alone isn't enough to keep a very sleepy person awake.

Dr. Kleitman reported that his eyes burned unbearably and he began to see double. But tests showed that his blood pressure during the experiment hadn't changed alarmingly, his heart beat stayed about the same, and he lost no weight.

People like Edison and Napoleon

slept only four hours at night and cat-napped in the day. Is that a good idea?

Before any such plan could be recommended for others, we would need to know much more about the effects of shortened sleep intervals on health and behavior, and more about what types of individuals can withstand such variations in their sleeping-waking cycle. Such schedules have been proposed by many people on the ground that we sleep more deeply in the very first few hours of sleep.

But depth of sleep may not be the same as restfulness of sleep. Studies have yielded conflicting results. In the population at large, there may be many "Edison types," but there may also be others who could never be fitted to such a schedule.

We now know that the depth of sleep changes during the night. Contrary to common belief, however, sleep does not become progressively lighter. Rather, it changes in cycles. Starting from the beginning of our sleep, we enter into the deepest stage of sleep for the night. There we stay for about an hour and a half or two hours. Then we enter a period of lighter sleep. Our sleep becomes so light that we enter into a dreaming period.

That period may last perhaps ten minutes, then we again drop down into deeper sleep. This time, however, the deeper sleep will not be as deep as it was the first time.

So we go like a roller coaster, alternating between periods of light and deep sleep?

That's right.

How do you know that there are periods of deep and light sleep?

This fact has been established in a variety of ways. One way is observing the amount of noise required to awaken the person.

The depth of sleep can also be gauged by the heart rate. As the sleeper progresses from deep to light sleep, his heart rate increases 7% to 10%. Another method is the electroencephalogram: the brain is always generating a small electric potential that can be detected through the skull, amplified, and recorded on a chart. The pattern on the chart changes as the depth of sleep changes.

Do people ever really sleep "like a log?"

No. They move quite a bit during sleep.

If you miss some sleep, can you catch up on it?

Yes. But you don't have to make up for every hour that you lost. Suppose you get only four hours' sleep a night for three consecutive nights. Usually a good ten-hour sleep will restore you to normal.

Do many people suffer from insomnia?

In one survey, about 52% of the Americans asked indicated that they had trouble going to sleep. The survey covered a number of nations, and Americans seemed to have the most trouble in this respect.

Does the kind of mattress you sleep on affect the kind of rest you get?

No. If you are used to sleeping on a hard mattress and you find a soft mattress uncomfortable, sleep on a hard mattress. If you are used to sleeping on the floor, sleep on the floor. In many cultures, people sleep on the ground. In Japan, many people still use wooden pillows. It's what you're used to that counts.

Is it true that an hour's sleep before midnight is worth two afterwards?

No. Sleep is sleep no matter when you get it.

If you take a pill to go to sleep, is your sleep as deep as regular sleep?

From the point of view of muscular relaxation and the ease of arousal from sleep, anyone sleeping under soporifics will sleep more deeply.

How about your efficiency the next day?

Dr. Henry Beecher, of Massachusetts General hospital, has reported that barbiturates tend to cut down a person's efficiency the next day. However, an insomniac might be no

worse off as a result of taking pills than from loss of sleep. But if you need sleeping pills every night, your problems are probably beyond the reach of pills.

You mentioned that in the lighter periods of sleep people dream more. How can you be sure of that?

This fact was discovered by awakening the subject during the light-sleep periods as indicated by the electroencephalogram, and asking, "Were you dreaming?" In about 80% of the cases, the subjects replied that they had been dreaming and could provide the details of what they were dreaming about. But when they were awakened in their deep sleep, they couldn't remember whether they had been dreaming or not.

How long does dreaming usually last?

Anywhere from just a few seconds to as long as an hour and a half.

I thought dreams were over in an instant.

That is one of the beliefs our research seems definitely to contradict. The dreaming period seems to be much longer than had commonly been believed. The average dream lasts about 15 minutes.

Does everyone dream?

Every person studied by this method so far—some 60 or 70—has

reported at least one dream per night. If you think you never dream, you probably are simply unable to remember your dreams.

Should you be concerned about your dreams?

Why be concerned about what appears to be a basic biological rhythm? And as for what is dreamed about, I think that the best thing is to consider dreams as interesting stories. The average person should never try to make anything of large significance out of them.

Does turning and tossing in bed make you dream more?

We're not entirely sure. All we know now is that body activities like turning and tossing are related to dream occurrences—in a fairly complex way, however. Evidence indicates that when we're turning and tossing we are not dreaming. The relationship appears to be the other way around.

So you may be like the person in the theater: you are shifting around and squirming in your seat getting ready for the action, and then when it comes you're still and watching it?

That's right. It may be that the body movement—instigated, perhaps, by the discomfort of lying in one position for a prolonged period—puts us in a lighter stage of sleep, bringing about dreams. Now, why a body movement should occur to stop

many dreams is still unknown. When we get the answer to that one, I think we will know a lot more about dreaming.

Does eating before you go to bed make you dream more?

Not in itself. Mince pie might upset your gastric processes and, therefore, might trigger off a dream. But for another person mince pie might cause no dreaming.

Are dreams a sign you have emotional problems?

Dreams are a sign that you are living. The very occurrence of dreaming is probably unrelated to emotional problems. However, what is dreamed about is very likely to reflect our conflicts and urges. This

idea, of course, lies at the base of much current psychiatric practice.

Drs. Harry Trosman, William Ofenkrantz, and Allan Rechtschaffen, University of Chicago psychiatrists, are conducting research in this area. From these men and many others we should gain far more precise insights into the psychological meaning of dreaming.

The problems of sleep and dreams are being approached through many scientific disciplines. The attitude guiding this research is very open-minded. Few investigators insist that the answer lies only in one direction. Physiology, psychology, psychiatry—all are working to get the kind of unified answer that can account for our behavior in the one third of our lives we spend sleeping.



A voice that was perpetually rubbing its hands. *Howard Spring*

His efforts at conversation were returned unopened. *Maurice Seitter*

Two-tone cows. *H. Allen Smith*

Cash: the poor man's credit card. *Fletcher Knebel*

So thin his pajamas have just one stripe. *C. Relvy*

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the center of each and every town or city. *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there. *M. Dale Baughman*

Budget: mathematical confirmation of your suspicions. *A. A. Latimer*

He had brown hair with a firebreak. *Harry Laugharn*

Coat-hanger shoulders. *Mary C. Dorsey*

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Luke Hart: Supreme Knight

The saga of a sodbuster

LUKE EDWARD HART, supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus, is a 70-plus Midwesterner with the heavy-shouldered gait and the strength of an Alaskan bear. Like the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled, he has been in a warm situation or two, but there is no record that he has ever abandoned the deck.

Certainly, he has never wavered when called upon to face up to anyone who wished to give him a bad time about the operation of his beloved, carefully tended Knights of Columbus insurance system. This system, with its \$750 million of insurance in force and its \$130 million in assets, is the apple of his eye. He will permit no man to try it with hostile thumbnail.

Few men can match Hart's knowledge of insurance law and practices. He has been a member of the law committee of the National Fraternal congress for 20 years, and in 1951 was its president. The congress represents more than 10 million mem-



bers of fraternal-insurance societies.

One Sunday afternoon, more than 50 years ago, a man drove up to a farmhouse in Maloy, Iowa, to visit his relatives Michael N. and Margaret Shay Hart. Over a cup of tea, the visitor remarked, "I see where your boy Luke was the chairman of the big Republican meeting in St. Louis last week."

"He wrote about it," said Mrs. Hart, with some pride. "Wasn't it fine?"

"Fine?" said the visitor. "I think it was a disgrace!"

Thus the judgment of Uncle Jerry as his nephew, Luke Hart, starting a law practice in St. Louis and moving into the political life of the city, moved out of the Democratic party revered by his father and his grandfather before him. Asked now why he became a Republican,

he says he just "got tired of going along with the crowd."

His career since then yields no evidence that he ever did develop a taste for "going along" or being any place but at the head of the parade. Even Uncle Jerry, however, would probably concede that he has done something toward alleviating the disgrace of his nonconformity to the voting tradition of the Hart clan.

He has been a Knight of St. Gregory since 1927, was advanced to the rank of Knight Commander by Pope Pius XI in 1939, and to Knight Grand Cross by Pope Pius XII in 1942. In 1951, he was appointed a Private Chamberlain with Cape and Sword to His Holiness. He is an officer of the French Order of Morocco, holds the Spanish Order of Merit, and has been awarded honorary degrees by the Catholic University of America, St. Louis university, and St. Francis Xavier university at Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

Hart's grandfather, Luke Shay, came from Ireland to New York in 1848. He racked up \$360 in savings after working on the railroads as far west as Terre Haute, Ind. In 1853, he bought land in Ringgold county, Iowa, and moved there with his wife and two small children. The land was sod-bound, but Luke Shay broke it and made it productive.

In his turn, Luke Hart busted sod on his father's farm in the same area. After his graduation from Missouri university law school, in 1905, and his marriage to Catherine J. O'Con-

nor, he entered law practice in St. Louis. He soon was making his name known not only in law but in politics, business, and civic activities. He became a member of the Kenrick council, Knights of Columbus. This council hadn't added a member to its roster in three years. It took Hart four years to become grand knight. In the following three years, he added 350 new members.

This and other accomplishments of the young lawyer brought him to the attention of Archbishop Glennon, who made him his representative at a meeting in Washington, D.C., in August, 1917, at which the National Catholic War council was organized. He was a member of the organization committee. The body handled all matters which affected Catholic interests throughout the war. Out of the council came the National Catholic Welfare conference.

Stimulated by his success in Kenrick council, he had aspired, in 1914, to head the Knights of Columbus in Missouri as state deputy. He was beaten. The defeat, he says, was the best thing that could have happened to him. Had he been successful in his first bid for state leadership, the mechanics of the fraternity's operations would have left him, in a couple of years, with the honorable title of past state deputy.

After he did become state deputy in 1918 a place had to be filled on the supreme board of directors. Hart was chosen to fill it. In 1922 a vacan-

cy in the office of supreme advocate came up. Hart was elected to the post, and was re-elected every two years thereafter until he was named supreme knight in St. Paul, Minn., in 1953.

Up to that time, Hart had never let himself be talked into air travel. Nor had any supreme knight ever lived on the job at the society's headquarters in New Haven, Conn. But Mrs. Hart had died in 1951; his four surviving children (of six) were grown up. Nothing remained to deter him from giving all his time to the Knights. He has since flown hundreds of thousands of miles on the business of the society: to Mexico and the Philippines and in a crosshatch pattern over the U.S. and Canada.

He lives in a tiny T-shaped apartment at the top of the K of C headquarters building. Casual acquaintances to whom he proudly displays his "diggings" wonder why he doesn't set himself up in more spacious hotel or club quarters.

Those who know him well do not wonder. His present arrangement keeps him within a two-floor elevator ride and a 100-foot walk of his office. Any greater separation from his telephones, his dictating machine, and his files would make him restless.

His system for handling active files would give any efficiency expert ulcers. He spreads them about the floor when an emergency occurs, complaining bitterly that nobody

will give him enough table space. Visitors, on such occasions, feel like Eliza crossing the river on the ice. Yet he rarely misplaces anything, and it's likely that no harm would be done if he did. Important details are already safely stored in his massive memory.

During business hours, conferences and callers, expected and unexpected, make his office look like a bus depot on Labor-day weekend. He endures the day with reasonably good humor, waiting impatiently for the quiet night, when a man really can get some work done.

Back at the office from his evening meal about 7 o'clock, he settles down to recording dictation until, say, 8:55. After a half hour in his apartment for a favorite TV program, it's back to the office again until about 1 A.M. He will then treat himself to a relaxing view of the "rasslers" in the late TV show, topped off by a bowl of corn flakes and milk.

His compulsion to drive and to improve anything he touches makes him a perpetual seeker after new ideas. His influence was the main factor, for example, in adding an automatic-loan provision to the K of C insurance system. The provision has resulted in payment of almost \$17 million to widows and other dependents. Many were amazed to learn that the deceased member had not long since forfeited his benefits because of nonpayment of dues.

One summer day in 1939, Hart was riding around Seattle with the

mayor, who kept pointing out business buildings that had been purchased by educational institutions as income-producing properties. A few years later the Order, at Hart's suggestion, started buying such properties as the Yankee Stadium site, a 5th Ave. building, a brass-rolling mill, a steel plant, and department stores and shopping centers in the U.S. and Canada.

These purchases are made with the society's insurance funds, which must be invested to the best advantage consistent with safety. "It's a good hedge against inflation," Hart says. "When money goes down, real estate goes up."

In 1948, he sparked the society's Catholic advertising program, previously given a test run by the Missouri state council. Members of the K of C have put \$5 million into the project. It has resulted in a return of 3 million inquiries about the Catholic faith. Some 300,000 have been enrolled in a free course of religious instruction by mail.

Then there is the recently completed microfilming of the Vatican library manuscripts. The microfilms, now available at St. Louis university, will be permanently housed in the Pius XII Memorial library under construction there. Hart had a guiding hand in that unique project.

He admits that he has paid a high

price, mainly in terms of separation from members of his family in their growing years, for his achievements and his honors. "In this life," he says, "you pay one way or another for what you get." He regrets only that his father, who died at 62, didn't live to enjoy some of the comforts of life he could have given him.

When he is asked who were the greatest personalities he has met, he replies, "Pope Pius XII and Theodore Roosevelt."

"Teddy Roosevelt," he says, "was a man of force, vigor, and courage, and had the ability to direct by himself." Apparently, like does not always repel like.

Hart is bewildered by the occasional suggestion that he might be a hard man to work for. He cites the fact that he had the same secretary for 24 years. Dissenters do not question the accuracy of this statement: they are too lost in awe at the thought of a secretary who, for 24 years, has accepted the boss's theory that when there is work to be done (and around Hart there always is) "vacations are nonsense."

Perhaps he didn't get this feeling "off the wind" entirely. When he visited the grave of his great-grandfather in Mountrath, Ireland, Hart was told that the gentleman had been known in his time as the "greatest drover in Ireland."

* * *

It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world. Samuel Johnson.

109 WINNERS WILL RECEIVE

ABOUT August 15, 117 checks will be mailed from the offices of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. They will total \$28,000.00. These checks will be made payable to and mailed to 109 winners of regular prizes and special bonuses in our great "CROSS AND FLAG CONTEST," now getting under way.

These will be big, substantial checks—\$10,000, \$4,000, \$3,000, \$1,500, \$500, \$400, \$300, \$200, \$100—and a hundred of \$50 each.

These handsome cash awards will go to those men and women, boys and girls, who turn in the highest number of subscriptions to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST before the close of the contest—Sunday, August 9. That's all there is to it—just a little pleasant effort by yourself and your friends.

The coming two months' period could change the course of your life. It could get you out of a rut, put you through college, finance a business, get you a home, give you a long vacation. The "CROSS AND FLAG CONTEST"—if you take part and persevere—could place you on the highroad to success in life.

Anybody can win, regardless of age, experience, or place of residence.

In order to win, you **MUST** enter right now—TODAY!

Here is **HOW** you win. First, sign and return the Contest Entry Form on this page. Within a few days, your "working kit" will be in your hands. Even BEFORE you receive your "working kit," tell all your friends, your business associates, your labor-union pals, your fellow lodge members, your sorority sisters that **YOU ARE IN THIS CONTEST TO WIN**. Ask them to pitch in and help you by getting subscriptions to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST.

Then—when you receive your "working kit," use your car, your bicycle. **ABOVE ALL—USE THE TELEPHONE**. Just keep at it for a few hours every day—and a check for \$10,000 can be yours as easily as anybody else's.

The big point is this: **USE THE CONTEST ENTRY FORM THIS VERY HOUR.**

THE CASH

FIRST GRAND PRIZE.
SECOND GRAND PRIZE.
THIRD GRAND PRIZE.
FOURTH GRAND PRIZE.
FIFTH GRAND PRIZE.
SIXTH GRAND PRIZE.
SEVENTH GRAND PRIZE.
EIGHTH GRAND PRIZE.
NINTH GRAND PRIZE.
100 CASH PRIZES OF \$5

109 Cash Prizes

There's More: 15%

Every person who enters the CONTEST will be a winner.

Here's why: **UNLESS YOU OWN ONE OF THE FIRST SEVEN YOU WILL RECEIVE A 15% ON ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

Commissions will be paid to at the end of each Contest Period.

Of course, you aim at the \$10,000.00. Your chance to win else's. And you have the happy in cash, as you go along, for a forth every day.

CONTEST HAS FOUR PERIODS

The "CROSS AND FLAG CONTEST" is divided into four Contest Periods.

First Period opened in May number.....	closed Midnight, Sunday, June 14
Second Period opens Monday, June 15.....	closes Midnight, Sunday, July 5
Third Period opens Monday, July 6.....	closes Midnight, Sunday, July 26
Fourth Period opens Monday, July 27.....	closes Midnight, Sunday, August 9

TABLE OF CREDIT-VOTES

	First Period	Second Period	Third Period	Fourth Period
1-year subscription (\$4)	4,000 Votes	3,000 Votes	2,000 Votes	1,000 Votes
2-year subscription (\$7)	6,000 Votes	5,000 Votes	4,000 Votes	3,000 Votes
3-year subscription (\$9)	8,000 Votes	7,000 Votes	6,000 Votes	5,000 Votes
5-year subscription (\$15)	16,000 Votes	14,000 Votes	12,000 Votes	10,000 Votes

\$28,000 — IN TWO MONTHS!

PRIZES!

.....	\$10,000
.....	4,000
.....	3,000
.....	1,500
.....	500
.....	400
.....	300
.....	200
.....	100
50 EACH...	5,000

\$25,000

Commission

“CROSS AND FLAG
There are no losers.

ARE A WINNER OF
EN GRAND PRIZES—
SH COMMISSION OF
N MONEY YOU TURN

ALL CONTESTANTS
od.

First Grand Prize of
it is as good as anybody
satisfaction of being paid
little pleasant effort put

You help

yourself—

You aid

the Church—

You can't

lose

Also—Extra Bonuses

The Regular Prizes are not all that contestants win in the “CROSS AND FLAG CONTEST.” Far from it. There are nice fat Extra Bonuses, too—for fast workers.

If you have the highest number of Credit-Votes in any one or more of the Second, Third and Fourth Contest Periods, you will receive an Extra Bonus of \$500.00, over and above any Regular Prize you win, for EACH PERIOD in which you are ahead. If you are on top in all three Periods, you will receive a total of \$1,500.00 in Extra Bonuses plus your Regular Prize.

If you have the second highest number of Credit-Votes in any one or more of the Second, Third and Fourth Contest Periods, you will receive an Extra Bonus of \$250.00, over and above any Regular Prize you win, for EACH PERIOD in which you are ahead. If you are second best in all three Periods, you will receive a total of \$750.00 in Extra Bonuses, plus your Regular Prize.

Winners of Extra Bonus awards will be made known in the announcement of Regular Prize winners, immediately after the contest closes.

TO WIN—ENTER TODAY

The sooner you enter the “CROSS AND FLAG CONTEST” the better your chance to win the First Grand Prize of \$10,000 or one of the other rich cash awards.

Here's the reason: Credit-Votes for subscriptions to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST are higher during this Second Period than they will be in the Third and Fourth Periods.

Examine the Table of Credit-Votes on this page. Also notice how they jump according to the length of the subscription you get, one, two, three or five years.

If you enter TODAY—and get your friends to help—quick fortune could soon be yours.

CONTEST ENTRY FORM — 10,000 FREE VOTES

Contest Manager
The Catholic Digest
St. Paul 13, Minnesota

Please enter me as a CATHOLIC DIGEST contestant in the “CROSS AND FLAG CONTEST.” Send me full instructions, the Contest Rules, and “working kit.”

I understand I shall be credited with 10,000 Free Credit-Votes upon your receipt of this Entry Blank.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE OR PROVINCE _____

By Gary Webster
Condensed from
"Codfish, Cats and Civilization"*

The Starling Is Shakespeare's Fault

*America's most successful immigrant was
brought here by a man who loved both
the Bard and the bird*

THE STARLING, a relative of the talking myna, has a quick tongue of his own. Caged specimens, taught tunes and conversation, have been favorite pets for centuries. Samuel Pepys' diary refers to "a starling which do whistle and talk the most and best that ever I heard anything in my life." And in *Henry IV*, Shakespeare has a character announce, "I'll have a starling shall be taught to speake nothing but 'Mortimer.'"

Shakespeare didn't know what he was starting. He couldn't foresee the real-life character named Eugene Schieffelin.

This doughty fellow had two passions: birds and Shakespeare. He had made a fortune in drug manufacture, and used the money to indulge his whims. He established the American Acclimatization society in New York with the goal of introducing into the New World all the birds mentioned by Shakespeare.



The starling was a natural for bird lovers like Schieffelin. Its summer coat of green, blue, and purple makes it one of the most dashing fellows of the British Isles. It walks briskly, instead of hopping in the fashion of most birds. A lemon beak sets off the metallic luster of breast and wings. Typical males grow to about eight and a half inches in length, with a powerful wingspread that permits steady flight at 40 miles an hour.

But the strong, handsome bird

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had languished every time specimens were brought overseas. More than a dozen introductions failed in Ohio, Canada, and Massachusetts in the decade that followed 1875. Undismayed, Schieffelin decided he'd try a substantial number of birds rather than the conventional half dozen. So he brought 40 pairs of starlings from England and liberated them in New York's Central Park just before mating time, 1890.

Officers of the American Museum of Natural History were in a dither when the curator discovered under the museum's eaves the first known U.S. nest of a starling.

Eugene Schieffelin was hugely pleased. Money he had spent on other birds was wasted. Song thrushes, chaffinches, skylarks, and nightingales survived only a season or two. Now America would enjoy at least one of the birds mentioned in Shakespeare's plays.

Early results proved much less than spectacular, though. By the turn of the century, residents of New York and Brooklyn had seen a few specimens. An occasional straggler was reported as distant as Norwalk, Conn., and Bayonne, N.J. A veteran bird watcher of upstate New York got the thrill of a lifetime. He was handed a strange bird killed by a farmer, and was able to identify it as a genuine starling!

A few decades proved that the largest city on the continent was too small to hold her feathered colonies. Starlings pushed along shore lines,

first as stragglers, then in flocks. Once entrenched, they began spreading into the interior. Ohio became starling territory in 1916. Illinois and Kentucky were reached in 1920. Three years later, large flocks appeared in the nation's capital, and quickly took over roosts established by purple grackles. Indiana was invaded in 1927.

Utah was infiltrated in 1935; Colorado, in 1938. Just three years later, flocks were so numerous in Denver that newspapers begged for public action. Less than half a century after they began venturing from New York, starlings were well entrenched in much of southern Canada and throughout the U. S. except for a narrow strip of California. Mid-century estimates of population range above 50 million—one bird for every urban acre on the continent, and hordes of new babies every season.

Aside from his roosting habits, the starling is a very nice fellow. He makes a good husband, even helping to hatch his mate's eggs and bringing flowers to her while she takes her turn sitting on the eggs. He is a born jester with unmatched skill as an imitator, and repeats almost any sounds of his immediate environment. One pet bird learned the long, low call of a flicker. As though that wasn't enough, the cutup then figured out how to drum with his beak on top of a box in imitation of the flicker's tattoo.

Despite its keen ears, the starling is seldom ruffled by roar of traffic

and pays no attention to neon lights. Superbly equipped for life as a commuter, it goes about commuting in reverse, feeding daily in the suburbs and flying to downtown regions each night.

This pattern is modern; it was adopted during the 20th century. When the bird was only a country dweller, roosts were usually remote from the haunts of men. Then the starling learned that heated city buildings make better roosts than icy canebrakes. So, in England as well as the U. S., hordes spend their winter nights on ledges, cornices, and window sills. More than one flock has taken possession of a theater marquee, roosting on the electric lights for greater warmth.

Architects of the late 19th century played into the birds' hands. Museums, courthouses, and post offices of that epoch couldn't have made better roosting places if they'd been designed for the purpose. Deep archways and elaborate capitals provide ideal shelter for as many as 100,000 starlings to gather sociably on a single edifice. County-seat towns and state capitals attract their quotas. Public buildings of the nation's capital are an easy first in starling appeal. Winter population of Washington is estimated at 4 million birds, and it mounts every year.

It wouldn't be a source of public concern if the starling were a more considerate neighbor. As it is, he dumps his droppings wherever the mood strikes him, and he chatters

at all hours. Late-afternoon flocks, numbering tens of thousands, like to gather above a city in loose formation. Billowing like a cloud, birds make a sudden downrush that echoes like the roar of breakers crashing on a rocky cliff. That outburst is a prelude for hours of evening chatter. No one knows what they say to one another, but roosting starlings seem incapable of keeping their mouths shut.

The ingenuity of the 20th century, which is adequate for such tasks as harnessing the atom and launching artificial satellites, has proved incapable of circumventing the bird in his assault upon our cities.

Poisoning is ineffective. Few starlings will take enough of any one bait to produce fatal results. Shooting is difficult or impossible in urban centers. Most human resistance has centered in eviction attempts.

Sanitation workers of major cities have used exploding dust bags, stink bombs, soap-bubble sprays, itching powder, Roman candles, aluminum owls with phosphorescent eyes and rayon feathers, recordings of starling distress calls, blinking lights, nets, and spray from fire hoses. Thus far, Washington officials have balked at trying the scheme used by the building superintendent of the Milwaukee courthouse. Since many birds perched on cast-iron window grills, he smeared them with axle grease in the hope that starlings would slip, fall, and knock out their own brains.

Even when early trials have given promising results, no counterattack has had lasting effect. There is a degree of irony in success. The most effective methods of evicting the unwanted tenants have had results like those achieved in Shreveport, La. There, 28 live oaks in the courthouse square harbored so many starlings that police authorized routing them by squads of noisemakers. After five nights, most birds were gone—seven miles east, to hangars at Barksdale field.

Strangely human qualities of the bird contribute to both its biological success and its role as a chief feathered pest. Starlings give such good care to their young that survival rates are high. Like men, they thrive under a wide variety of conditions. Family and group patterns not only give social stability; they also afford mass support for individual birds.

Brain weight of starlings makes up 3.2% of their total weight, a near high among birds. This factor is thought to be linked with their capacity to learn calls of other birds. Starling mimics have ranges that include such diverse sounds as the clucking of a fowl, whistle of the pewee, caw of a crow, melodious whistle of the redshank, and churring call of the partridge. One Toronto starling with little formal training startled newsmen who had challenged its owner's claims. "Naughty to do it," the bird told them. Then he whistled three lines of *Home on the Range* and in-

formed his visitors, "You're crazy!"

An English fancier began training a bird when it was eight weeks old, and devoted four years to the task. His starling could mimic both the canary and the robin, speak more than a dozen short sentences with proper British accent, and whistle *Pop Goes the Weasel*, plus an assortment of music-hall tunes.

There is every reason to think that the starlings' rapid spread over North America is partly due to nesting, feeding, and migration practices learned from native birds.

Early immigrants showed no tendency to migrate. By 1925, seasonal changes of residence were showing a strong pattern. Migration was nearly always in company with grackles, blackbirds, or robins. This doesn't constitute proof, but gives strong support to the theory that the starlings kept a sharp eye on feathered neighbors and adopted some of their ways. Now it is not unusual for flocks to winter in Ohio or Tennessee and nest in southern Canada.

April is the typical nesting season. Hardy settlers in the New World have shown their pioneer spirit by nesting in some unusual places. They lay their eggs in steeples and cupolas, bridges and trestles. They take over deserted rabbit holes, and oust woodpeckers and flickers, to seize their nests. Thriving families have been reared in airplane hangars, pipework of television towers, and inside air-conditioning units.

Part of this versatility may be

linked with the fact that it is the bold unmated cock who constructs the nest. Once he has tossed together a house to which he may bring a mate, courtship proceeds rapidly. As the denouement of such a romance, the cock takes his turn sitting on five or six pale blue eggs laid by his mate. America's warm weather fosters two broods a year, instead of the single brood typical in Europe.

Many birds have narrow food preferences, and languish if they can't get specific items eaten by their ancestors for thousands of generations. Martins and swallows, for example, starve if the supply of flying insects is exhausted.

Starlings prefer insects, too. They are inordinately fond of weevils, spiders, centipedes, and wood lice. Young ones not yet introduced to city ways are likely to wheel and glide, hawking for high-flying insects in the fashion of a swallow. But city-roosting birds catch only enough insects to make up 42% of their diet. Cultivated fruit provides more than a fourth of it, and garbage accounts for 20%.

Hungry starlings gobble potatoes, acorns, roots, snails, and even lizards. In seasons of scarcity, flocks have been seen to light on clumps of trees and strip them of leaves. Nearly all birds refuse to touch monarch butterflies, presumably because of the noxious oil they secrete; starlings feast on them.

Even such pests as the Japanese and potato beetles are included on

the menu of the bird willing to eat anything. This factor explains why early studies usually ended by giving grudging commendation to the immigrant. "It has few equals among the bird population of the U. S. as a destroyer of insects," said a 1921 report.

As a wild bird, the starling is fastidious. Both parents are careful to clean the nest every time food is brought to their young—15 or 20 times an hour for three weeks. Country starlings used to favor an evening bath even in severe weather. One veteran naturalist who watched this operation many times described it as "no hurried wash, but a wholehearted and complete immersion." Lacking toilet facilities, feathered citizens of cities have learned to endure their own rank skin oil.

Until it learned to eat garbage and sewage, the starling was something of a tidbit for the table. It was probably the "blackbird" who contributed four-and-20 representatives to the famous nursery-rhyme pie. Whether this was so or not, many a bird did go into potpies of Old England. The birds' changed diet and abandonment of their daily bath have reduced human enthusiasm for thinning their ranks in this fashion.

A distinguished architect has suggested that the only way starlings can be brought under control is by wrecking our public buildings and erecting new ones without roosting places.

By Michael Frome
Condensed from
"Better Vacations for Your Money"*

Industry holds open house

*You can enjoy a summer vacation
without rod, reel, or speedboat*

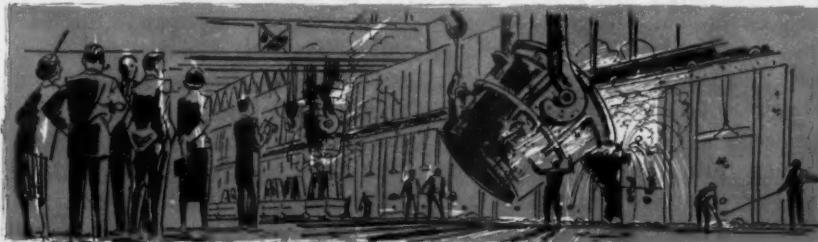
THE ROMANCE of American industry could very well supply you with a variation this year from your normal vacation routine. Just chart your course through an area where one or more of the nation's big industries has a plant. Such a trip could cost you less, save you driving wear and tear, and still be interesting, educational, and exciting.

You can join plant tours absolutely free and see the magic of industry transforming raw materials of forest, field, and mines into the necessities and luxuries of daily life: everything from sugar cubes to steel bars; chocolate chips to motor cars.

And besides the thrill of seeing men and machines making America great, you are likely to come away loaded with souvenirs, memories of generous refreshment treats, and a store of anecdotes told by fun-loving guides.

Plant tours constitute one means used by American industry to advertise products and build good will. And they offer vacation opportunities at bargain rates.

You find out about such tours through several sources. Chambers of commerce generally have directories of plant trips in their areas. Ask about them when you write the official information agencies of the states you are planning to visit.



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A note of caution: try to obtain tour schedules so you won't arrive at the wrong time or the wrong day. Determine in advance whether your children are old enough for a given plant. If you are sure of your own schedule, write the factory directly.

Of the hundreds of factory tours offered along principal travel routes, here are a few suggestions for your vacation itinerary.

Automobiles interest everyone. All the major companies offer conducted tours, so you can follow the car of your choice as it takes shape along the assembly line. At Dearborn, Ford features an extensive demonstration at the Rotunda, largest industrial exhibition building in the world, and one at its mammoth River Rouge plant. The Rotunda includes displays on research and engineering. Visitors riding in new cars thrill to steep grades and sharp curves, deeply dished, on the adjacent one-mile test track.

All conducted tours of the Rouge plant originate at the Rotunda aboard company buses, Monday through Friday, 9 and 3:30. Henry Ford's Greenfield Village, crammed with Americana, is, of course, another attraction.

The country's largest free antique automobile museum, the Thompson Products Auto Album at Cleveland, Ohio, presents an intriguing array of cars dating to the 1890's. It also contains aviation displays. It is open every weekday, 11-5; Sundays, 1-5.

The Corning Glass center, Corning, N. Y., sets forth the story of man's creative achievements with glass, from the earliest vessels fashioned by the Egyptians to the most modern adaptations. In the lobby reposes the largest piece of glass ever made: the original 200-inch telescope mirror disk, twin to the one at the Palomar observatory in California. The Corning museum houses one of the most extensive collections of glass in the world; the Hall of Science demonstrates the versatility of glass—lighter than cork, heavy as iron. From galleries, visitors can watch glass blowers practicing their ancient craft. The hall is open every day except Monday, from 9:30 to 5.

Coal mining is a basic industry worth first-hand observation which may well lead you into many a volume of science, sociology, and history when you return home. You can find no better spot of this kind to visit than the Pocahontas exhibition mine at Pocahontas, near Bluefield, W. Va. Here are shown rich coal seams of up to ten feet thick in a huge tunnel. At intervals, you come upon mine equipment, such as coal cutters, rails, and cars; and signs explain the various steps in mining. Should the day be hot, the cool mine will prove a welcome relief. Pocahontas is open 8 to 5; guides may be had upon advance notice; admission: adults, 25¢, children, 15¢.

You can visit the world's largest granite quarry, Rock of Ages, at

Graniteville, Vt. It is eight miles long, four miles wide, and ten miles deep.

Here granite is cut from its bed by powerful channeling machines, then sent to the mills to be sawed into slabs by smooth steel band saws. At the finishing shops, artisans cut and carve the granite into mantels, statues, memorials. The quarry is open May 1 to Nov. 30; the finishing plant, Monday through Friday, 8:30 to 4.

The largest marble exhibit in the country, that of the Vermont Marble Co. at Proctor, has no fewer than 60 displays. These include full-scale interior installations, tiled bathrooms, fireplaces, and garden furniture. Visitors come from afar to see a bas-relief of Da Vinci's *Last Supper* carved from a single block of marble. The Proctor exhibit is open June 1 to Oct. 15, from 9 to 5 daily.

Most Georgia marble is produced at Elberton in the northeastern part of the state; visitors are welcome at quarries and shops. Marble known for hardness and durability comes from Carthage, Mo., in the lovely Ozarks. At Bedford, Ind., you can visit the Indiana Limestone institute and one of the quarries which have produced stone for some of the nation's tallest and finest buildings.

At Akron, Ohio, the Goodyear Co. shows visitors its little pioneer factory, where in 1898 carriage tires and horseshoe pads were made. Then guides take guests through the

huge plant which manufactures nearly 100 types of tires and other rubber products. The rubber exhibit in Goodyear hall dramatizes the history of rubber from the discovery of vulcanizing to its diverse uses today. Trips through the Plant 1 "tire cycle" start from the rubber exhibit at 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. Monday through Friday. The Goodyear blimp base is located on nearby Wingfoot lake.

Firestone conducts tours to its tire plant No. 1, research laboratory, and famous historical exposition, every day, Monday through Friday, at 2 P.M. from the 5th-floor lobby of the Clock Tower building. A minimum age limit of 12 is imposed at both rubber factories.

Over in Pittsburgh you find pickles and 56 other varieties. It's more fun than you think to watch a lowly cucumber rise to a high-level pickle. Touring the H. J. Heinz plant takes about an hour, plus time for a movie and a snack. Go Monday through Friday, 8:30 to 10:30 and 1 to 2:30.

The Eastman Kodak plant at Rochester, N. Y., is a shutterbug's paradise. The 50-room George Eastman museum, now an independent institution chartered by New York State, depicts the first experiments of men like Daguerre and Fox Talbot. On one floor visitors can turn the handle of an 1895 Mutoscope peep show and view animated stills, precursor of the motion picture, and on another floor can see modern col-

or film of sun eruptions. Guided tours are conducted at the Camera works and Hawk-Eye works Monday through Friday at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., and at the Kodak Park works at 9:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

U.S. Steel conducts tours at four plants, as follows: 1. Pittsburgh, every Wednesday morning by bus from its downtown office building to the Homestead works. The hour-and-a-half tour includes open-hearth operation, slab mill, and plate mill. The flowing of molten metal is a soul-stirring sight, never to be forgotten. For reservations, write Public Relations, U.S. Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh 30, Pa. (Minimum age is 16.) 2. Birmingham, Tuesday and Wednesday morning, October through May. Guests report at the Fairfield works main entrance, board buses to visit blast furnace, open hearth, blooming mill, and strip mill. Each visitor receives a small box of assorted nails as a souvenir. Write Public Relations, U.S. Steel, 1429 Brown-Marx building, Birmingham, Ala. (Minimum age, 12.) 3. Provo, Utah, Monday through Friday, tours of one of the West's largest steel plants, at the foot of Lake Timpanogos. Write Public Relations, Geneva division, U.S. Steel, Provo, Utah. 4. Iron Mountain, Minn., the experimental Pilatc taconite plant, processing hard rock containing low-grade iron ore.

Kaiser Steel conducts tours at its plant at Fontana, Calif., 47 miles

from Los Angeles and 38 miles from Disneyland. Tours last two and a half hours, Monday through Friday, and three evenings. Write Public Relations, Kaiser Steel, Fontana, Calif. (Minimum age is 11.)

At the Mesabi range in Minnesota, where the greater part of the world's iron is mined, eight observation stands accommodate visitors. The famous Hull-Rust-Mahoning open-pit mine, at Hibbing, is more than 400 feet deep and has its own 55-mile railroad. The Oliver Mining division of U.S. Steel operates its own rail system in the Mesabi range, with 95 locomotives and 575 cars, and signals and shops. In summer, samples of pure iron ore can be had for the asking. Photographers who have exhausted the possibilities at Bryce canyon can find new pinks to film in color at Mesabi.

General Electric's fabulous Appliance park, Louisville, Ky., is a housewife's delight. Here she can see gleaming new refrigerators, ranges, dishwashers, and disposals produced at the rate of one every two and a half seconds. At the model kitchen she can see the latest in styling, color, and accessories. Appliance park's 950 acres include 200 acres in grass, and an arboretum of 11,000 trees, shrubs, and flowers. Regular tours start at the main gate Monday through Friday at 1:30 P.M.

Still farther south, in Florida, you can visit the country's largest raw cane plant, the Sugar House of the

U.S. Sugar Corp., at Clewiston. It is on route 80, between the Everglades and Lake Okeechobee. From 30,000 surrounding cane-field acres, stalks are ground to molasses and raw sugar for shipment to the refinery at Savannah.

You can go from sugar to cattle: adjacent Sugarland ranch, which the company also operates, is where Brahmans are cross-bred with Herefords, Anguses, and Shorthorns.

Tree farms now cover 45 million acres in 46 states. Wood-using industries are spending more than \$56 million yearly in their management and development. A visit to a tree farm discloses the forest as a living community of trees, other plants, wildlife, and water, each dependent on the other and on the understand-

ing care which man alone can give. A trip through a wood-using industry unlocks the mysteries of how wood becomes paper, lumber, plywood, veneer, furniture. For information on both farms and lumber plants, write the American Forest Products Industries, Inc., 1816 N St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Booklets covering several states individually are available.

Many timberlands have been opened as public parks with camp and other facilities. In Oregon alone are 16 parks, with such features as the world's biggest Douglas fir tree; a memorial to the only Americans killed by enemy action on U. S. soil in the 2nd World War (by a Japanese balloon-bomb explosion); and a short course in tree identification.

IN OUR HOUSE

My twin brother and sister, Patricia and Michael, were starting the first grade. Sister Mary Patrick wanted to acquaint them with their new readers. But there were more pupils than books; Sister didn't have enough readers to go around. Sister therefore asked Mike if he would please sit with his sister Patty.

Mike, embarrassed at having to sit with a girl, very politely replied, "No thank you, Sister. If you don't mind, I'll just sit here and look around for awhile."

Margaret Zahorchak.

* * *

As we rode by St. James' church, we all bowed our heads and made acts of adoration. Soon after, we passed the library, set back like the church, and our little daughter again bowed her head and said, "Sweet Jesus, I adore Thee!"

Her older sister piped up, "That's not a church. That's the library!"

The little one was crestfallen for a minute. Then she raised her head and said confidently, "I can love Him just as well in front of the lib'ry!"

Elizabeth A. Kelleher.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

The Keys of Fleet Street

*Catholic journalists help the Church
regain lost ground in England*

ONE GLOOMY MORNING in the early 1920's, thousands of British breakfast tables were brightened by a sensational front-page story from an irresponsible foreign correspondent. The story concerned an aged Balkan cardinal. The writer pictured him luridly as a blend of Casanova and Borgia. (The effect of the story was damped a couple of days later by an abject front-page retraction and apology.)

Could that type of journalistic outrage occur in London in 1959? Probably not. Today the odds are heavily against such crass exploitation of ignorance and prejudice.

The ancient hostility to Catholics, which flamed anew after Pope Pius IX restored the English hierarchy in 1850, has gradually softened during the last century. The present generation has seen a steady recovery of lost ground by the Church in Great Britain, with many conversions of well-known British intellectuals.

The secular press, now free, as a whole, from anti-Catholic bias, ordinarily follows the excellent practice of calling up Westminster Ca-

thedral to get the facts whenever it finds itself in a quandary. In addition, one must credit the work of a group of Catholic journalists known as the Keys.

The Keys sprang, so to speak, from a tankard of beer one summer morning in 1931. Four or five Catholic journalists, happening to meet in the same Fleet St. pub in London, wondered why they didn't do so oftener. From this meeting blossomed in due course, and at Cardinal Hinsley's bidding, the Guild of St. Francis de Sales. Of that organization, the Keys remains the independ-



ent London newspaper branch. It was launched with G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc as vice presidents.

The guild is for writers of all shapes and sizes. The Keys is strictly journalistic; it embraces the allied trades of publishing, publicity, and public relations.

Its primary objects are conveniently illustrated in a recent monthly circular to its members: "The next meeting of the Keys will be held at the Cock tavern, Fleet St., on Thursday, Oct. 16, at 7:30 p.m., when the subject for discussion will be the problem of juvenile delinquency.

"The guest speaker will be Maj. A. D. W. Sanderson, M.C., governor of H. M. Borstal institution, Borstal.

"Capt. D. J. Hoare, R.N., who is actively engaged in the fight against juvenile crime by personal contact through boys' club and other social work (especially in the Notting Hill area), will also have a valuable contribution to make in our discussion.

"The meeting will be preceded by requiem Mass at 6:30 p.m., said by our chaplain, Father Joseph Christie, S.J., at St. Ethelreda's, Ely Place, for the repose of the souls of Duncan Webb and Ted Kavanagh, whose recent deaths were a sad loss to journalism—and the Keys. R.I.P. Luke A. Hussey, Hon. Secretary."

An annual corporate Mass and one-day retreat, Masses for deceased members, and the always available counsel of a chaplain help members

in that personal sanctification which is the primary aim of every Catholic guild. Father Christie, their chaplain, is himself a well-known writer and speaker.

The organization's vocational and social aims are accomplished by means of a regular monthly gathering at a famous Fleet St. tavern. Dinner downstairs is followed by an address upstairs by a recognized authority, not necessarily a Catholic, on some topic of the moment. A general discussion follows. The atmosphere is free and easy; everything spoken is off the record. No gloves are worn in the discussion; laughter is frequent; insults between Anglo-Saxon and Celt are routine.

Addresses may concern such matters as race problems, crime, birth control, or self-government in the British Commonwealth. The meeting usually breaks up about 10 p.m.

There are times when any Catholic journalist in London is acutely conscious of belonging to a minority swimming against a formidable tide. In moments of loneliness and despondency he may easily succumb to that ghetto complex which survives in British Catholicism as a result of nearly 300 years of being on the outside. It is therefore tonic to meet one's fellows once a month, if only to eat and drink and talk shop.

Cardinal Hinsley's successors, Cardinal Griffin and Cardinal Godfrey, have taken a strong personal interest in the Keys. There was

nothing the late Cardinal Griffin enjoyed more than dining once a year with his "Fleet St. ruffians," as he called them. The sight of a prince of the Church presiding with beaming spectacles over a dinner table of jesting journalists was always charming.

Branches of the Keys in big provincial cities like Manchester, Birmingham, and Newcastle flourish much like the parent body. There are similar groups in Dublin and in Vancouver, B.C. In the U.S., New York's Catholic journalists lately paid the Keys the compliment of starting a group along the lines of the Keys' constitution; such a guild has flourished in St. Paul, Minn., as a Twin Cities unit, for several years.

Every Keys member is expected to make himself a first-class craftsman. Only such a man can expect to be listened to when a query about Catholicism arises in a newspaper office. He must either know the answer or know where to get it, which, as Dr. Johnson said, is the whole secret of knowledge. Any impulse to embroider or to proselytize must be firmly quelled. Good sense, good humor, tact, and broad-mindedness are essential. Hence, the Keys promotes effective Catholic action.

Cardinal Griffin once told members, "If you are only a racing tipster, there would seem to be nothing much you can do. But you *can* give the best possible tips."

Not long ago Frank Sheed, the well-known London and New York publisher (and the only lay British doctor of theology), said, "It doesn't matter much what you are writing, so long as you write with a Catholic mind." This recommendation, which applies equally to a murder mystery or a description of a flower show, is the ideal of the Keys.

Today a sick and desperate world thirsts, with its tongue hanging out, for a message. The surprising press, radio, and TV chorus of tribute to the late Pope Pius XII and to Pope John XXIII show how times have changed since such nonsense as the fable about the Balkan cardinal could be swallowed by a London newspaper. As the members of the Keys go on emulating (they hope) some of the sweet reasonableness of their patron, St. Francis de Sales, they feel that they have done their bit in winning a more cordial reception for the Church's message by being in the right places with the right answers.

PROGRAM MUSIC

A mother's heart leaped up when she heard her nonintellectual son whistling Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* as he did his nightly minimum of homework. "Where," she asked eagerly, "did you learn that music?"

"Oh, that? That's what they play on TV when somebody gets bopped on the head," replied the lad.

Mrs. Dean Binder.

By Herbert and Dixie Yahraes
*Condensed from "Columbia"**



Making Good Use of Poor Hearing

Some "sound" advice for both the victim and his family

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Tommy got more thrashings than any other kid in his neighborhood. That was because he rarely came home when called or did anything else his parents asked. His father called him Dopey; his mother was certain that he was retarded. One day she took him to a psychiatric clinic. Fortunately for Tommy, a doctor there recommended that he be examined at the rehabilitation center of the DeGoesbriand Memorial hospital in Burlington, Vt.

Dr. Frank J. Falck, speech pathologist and audiologist at the center, took charge of Tommy. Dr. Frank and his wife Vilma, also an audiologist, spent many hours making various tests before it was established that Tommy's real trouble was severe loss of hearing in one ear and a fluctuating, moderately severe loss in the other.

At first Tommy's parents refused

to accept the diagnosis. "Why, just this morning I told him to go get his coat," said his mother, "and he went."

"He read your lips," Dr. Falck explained. "Even some three-year-olds do that. Or possibly he had his better ear turned toward you."

The Falcks arranged for Tommy to attend kindergarten at a special school for the deaf. After intensive training it may be that in a year or two he will be able to go to a regular school.

Tommy is only one of many who pass through the new speech and hearing clinic which is part of a pioneering rehabilitation center at the DeGoesbriand Memorial hospital. Most of them soon find life taking on new wonders.

Thirteen-year-old Germaine, for example, used to live in a muffled world; school was misery, and she had no friends. Then the clinic recommended a hearing aid, and the first time she wore it outside the

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn., January, 1959. © 1958, and reprinted with permission.

house she came back beaming. "Mama," she reported, "I can hear myself walking!"

Ten-year-old Edward, fitted with an aid, soon was telling his teacher in some amazement, "Birds make noises." He added quickly, in case she didn't believe him, "I heard them."

A young nun, teaching in a Burlington school, rejoices that she can now hear the Sunday sermons—and also any monkey business that goes on in the back of her classroom.

Or take elderly Mr. Peterson (that's not his real name). He hadn't heard his wife in five years. The couple are in their 80's. They keep very much to themselves. The occasional visitors used to talk mostly to Mrs. Peterson because it was too hard to make her husband understand. He would often complain that everybody seemed to mumble nowadays.

After the clinic fitted Mr. Peterson with a hearing aid, he still couldn't hear his wife: her voice was too weak and shrill. But he could hear everybody else, and was delighted.

But Dr. Falck wasn't satisfied. He and Vilma searched for weeks to find some expedient. Finally they taped together two long cardboard tubes to form a kind of megaphone. Now when the Petersons talk, Mrs. Peterson places one end of the tube against her husband's hearing aid and speaks through the other end. It works fine.

The speech and hearing clinic of

which Dr. Falck is chief is part of the Vermont Rehabilitation center, a remarkable new \$600,000 venture financed by state and federal funds and given to DeGoesbriand hospital. The hospital, which is named for the first bishop of the Diocese of Vermont, is operated by the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph.

The Center is prepared to do something about not only speech and hearing defects but also most other types of physical disability, no matter how caused. Its aim is to bring disabled people back to as nearly a normal life as possible. According to Dr. Robert F. Smith, the center's director, the watchword is: "Let's see what we can fix."

The Vermont institution differs from most other rehabilitation centers inasmuch as it serves a very large area: all of Vermont, much of northern New England, and part of upper New York State. Because most patients are unable to visit the center every day, or to live in it for long at a time, the experts at the center aim only at making a good start at the work of rehabilitation. The patient's own doctor then carries on, usually with a plan of treatment outlined at the center.

The speech and hearing clinic was the first unit of the center to be established, and Tad Stark, a middle-aged man who services kitchen equipment, is a good example of how the let's-see-what-we-can-fix philosophy works out.

Mr. Stark has been hard of hear-

ing for a long time. He bought a hearing aid in 1950 and was helped by it. In recent years, though, he'd been having trouble understanding people no matter how loudly they talked. That fact was bad for his business.

"I've been reading about these new instruments," he told Dr. Falck. "Wouldn't one of them help me?"

Dr. Falck led him into a sound-proof room which looks something like a booth for a TV quiz program. He showed Mr. Stark how to adjust the earphone, and then sat down at a desk outside by the window, twisting dials to operate the audiometer, a device for measuring hearing.

As the dial was turned a tone flowed through the wire leading to the earphone, growing louder until Mr. Stark signaled that he could hear it. When the operation was completed, Dr. Falck had an audiogram, or record of Mr. Stark's hearing loss: so many decibels at this frequency or pitch, so many decibels at that one.

Then the process was repeated, with Mr. Stark wearing a tiny box-like receiver against the bone located right behind his ear.

Sound vibrations traveling along this bone to the inner ear can be heard if the hearing nerve has not been affected. If a person hears these bone-conducted sounds better than those conducted to the inner ear in the ordinary way (through the eardrum and the middle ear) he is said to have a *conductive* loss of hearing.

In such a case the clinic refers him to an appropriate medical specialist who will see what can be done toward getting the sound through.

Sometimes the sound waves are blocked by wax, which any doctor can wash out in a few minutes. Occasionally something more formidable stands in the way. One five-year-old boy was found to have a loss of 40 decibels, which comes dangerously close to total deafness, in one ear. The clinical report shocked the parents and came as a mild surprise even to Dr. Falck: in the boy's ear was a small marble, apparently pushed there more than a year before, and forgotten.

Again, the trouble may be due to a punctured ear drum, which possibly can be repaired by a skin-grafting operation, or it may result from an infection, otosclerosis ("hardening of the ear"), or any one of many things which can go wrong in the little cavity on the other side of the drum, in the middle ear.

Tad Stark, however, proved to have poor bone conduction. His type of loss is called neurosensory, or "nerve deafness." It occurs in the inner ear, and doctors and surgeons have not as yet found anything they can do for it. So the question becomes: will a new hearing aid help Mr. Stark, and if so, which is the best type for him?

To get the answer, Dr. Falck reads aloud certain test words, such as *airplane, cough drop, headlight, shipwreck, buckwheat, and hardware*.

They reach Mr. Stark at various levels of loudness, and he repeats what he thinks he heard. The idea is to find out how greatly speech has to be amplified for him to hear it, or whether amplification will help at all.

Next Mr. Stark tries out various hearing aids, including his own. With each he listens to a long list of carefully chosen words, and Dr. Falck keeps score.

Anyone who has ever shopped for a hearing aid will appreciate the value of such testing. Some hearing-aid dealers make no tests at all. Others, once they have made an audiogram, try out their various models simply by standing fairly close to the patient and asking, "How does this sound?" "Can you hear me now?" "How do you like this?"

A nervous person or one of low sales resistance may easily choose the wrong type of aid, or be persuaded to buy one even though no type of aid can help him.

Mr. Stark spends three hours at the clinic. Then Dr. Falck tells him, "You did as well with your own instrument as with any of the others. There would be no point in your buying a new one, because nothing is likely to improve your ability to hear.

"But with speech reading," he goes on, "we can improve your ability to understand."

Mr. Stark proves unusually adept at reading lips.

The Falcks like to think of the

clinic as a communications unit. They are interested not only in hearing and speech defects but also in language problems. One teen-ager attending a special class hears well enough to talk normally, and has normal intelligence. Ask him to spell something easy, like *book*, and he will look at you for a while and then say very slowly, "p-o-g-l," or something equally wrong. He has no concept of the sounds that make up words.

Another teen-ager who is having trouble in school has normal intelligence and apparently normal hearing. Yet his word discrimination is poor; nobody knows exactly why.

If hoped-for funds become available, the Falcks plan to put more emphasis on such little understood problems in communication. But poor hearing remains the chief problem; it affects about 15 million Americans, and the Falcks offer this advice if you think that you are one of them.

1. *Have your ears examined as soon as possible by an otologist.* The clinic referred one young woman back to her doctor because the tests indicated a conductive loss which might be remedied. Her family thought it was "just a cold." In fact, it was an infection of the middle ear, and if she hadn't had expert treatment from an otologist, her hearing might in a few months have been permanently damaged. More than 60% of all hearing losses are preventable.

2. *If there is anything wrong, ask the physician to suggest a good hearing clinic or diagnostic center.* There are many throughout the country like the one in Burlington. For the address of the one nearest you, write to the American Hearing society, 1800 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C., or the Volta bureau, 1537 35th St., N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

3. *Count yourself lucky if the clinic recommends that you buy a hearing aid, but don't expect miracles.*

Do expect to be annoyed at first by background noise, which persons with normal hearing have learned to disregard. Do expect to be disappointed when you go to a dinner party and can't follow half of what's said (other people often can't, either). Do expect that it may take you several months to get used to the aid. But expect also that you *will* get used to it, unless you refuse to wear it except on special occasions.

Be prepared to look around to find the best place to sit at church or in the movies, and remember that even in the best place you'll have trouble-hearing people who don't enunciate clearly. If your church has no amplifying system, you'll probably hear best up front, near the center. Some churches and theaters offer earphones that are connected with the amplifying system. These generally will be more satisfactory than your own aid.

4. *Remember that there is still much you can do to get along better*

even if the clinic says you are not a good candidate for an aid.

The most likely reasons for such a report are these.

1. Your loss is too severe.
2. When sound is amplified enough for you to hear, you find it uncomfortable or even painful. To some extent, this is true of everyone who has been hard of hearing a long time. Most people, simply by continued practice in listening, can increase their tolerance for sound; some cannot.

3. You can hear, with an aid, but you can't understand what's being said. This may be because you hear low tones fairly well but high tones hardly at all, and unless you hear the high tones, one consonant sounds much like another. It may also be that the sound message racing through your hearing nerve is slowed down, for reasons not known, each time it passes from one nerve cell to another. In that case, words pile up and become unintelligible unless spoken slowly. This theory may also explain the low word-discrimination ability in some persons of normal hearing.

In any event, learn speech reading. Even if you can't hear with your ears, you may well learn to hear enough with your eyes to live a normal life. Your hearing clinic, the superintendent of schools in your community, or the American Hearing society can suggest the means by which you can join a speech-reading class or receive individual help.

Admit your handicap. Trying to conceal it merely throws an additional burden on you. If a stranger doesn't speak clearly enough for you, tell him that you are hard of hearing and ask him to repeat. Don't try to get every word people are saying: you'll get lost. Try to follow the general sense.

Keep on trying to hear. Listen to the radio. Look at TV (it's possible to have an earphone connected to the set). Talk with people. Don't strain, but don't sit back and close your ears, either. With practice, you can improve your ability to recognize speech.

Above all, keep your sense of humor. All of us make mistakes once in a while that are funny enough to be laughed at. We'll have more fun if we join the laughter.

Finally, a word to those who have a hard-of-hearing relative or friend. Don't start talking to him from the next room: wait till you get to him or he gets to you. Speak clearly

rather than loudly and look at him while talking. Remember that a hand covering the mouth, or a cigarette in the mouth, a drooping mustache, or a mouth that opens only a crack, makes things hard on a lip reader. (Most hard-of-hearing persons read lips whether they realize it or not.)

If your companion doesn't understand, don't repeat a word over and over; use a different word that expresses the same idea, and put it in a phrase or a sentence, because groups of words are easier to comprehend than a lone one. Do not exaggerate the movement of your lips.

In a general conversation, if your friend seems lost, fill him in: "We're talking about today's baseball game," or "John's boy wants to join the air force." Just a few words, enough to give him an idea of what to look and listen for. For if he's the usual hard-of-hearing person, he catches on fast. And he doesn't mind very much, after a while, being hard of hearing.



THE HEART OF THE MATTER

The English are famous for preferring understatement to overstatement. An American tourist was fascinated by this clipping from a London newspaper. "A Mr. Smathers of Liverpool is at the Seething St. hospital recovering from injuries received when he was stepped on by a camel." That was the complete story. No embellishments; no details.

After days of nail chewing, the American tourist phoned the offices of the paper. A weary subeditor listened patiently to his query. Where was Mr. Smathers, the American tourist wanted to know, when he ran afoul of the camel?

The reply was brusque. "Zoo. Where else?"

Saturday Nights (Feb. '59).

The Joys of Credit-Card Living

*Now it's easy to go on
the town on the cuff*

STEP BY STEP, man has worked his way up from barter, through shells, carved bone, and chunks of iron, through gold, paper money, and checks, to that most lordly of all methods of purchase: the credit card. Any American who has paid his telephone bill regularly, or who makes at least \$7,500 a year and is not known to be a dead beat, can now live comfortably for weeks on end without handling any more cash than it takes him to ride taxis, buy his newspapers, and occasionally buy back his wraps from a hat-check girl. He may have small hope of ever seeing Tokyo or Rome or even Duluth, but he knows that should fate unpredictably drop him in any of those cities, he can eat in their restaurants and drink in their night clubs with 30 days to pay.

In New York a cashless American can as easily spend the night in a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria as in a settlement flophouse. With a Diners' club card he can park his car on any Kinney lot in the U.S.; pick up a



fifth of Scotch at the Jug and Jigger in Los Angeles; hire a temporary sales assistant from the Wichita office of Manpower, Inc.; or arrange a jungle expedition at Springbok Safaris in Capetown.

With an American Express card he can get his car repaired at almost any General Motors, Chrysler, or Ford dealer's, or have Raymond & Whitcomb book him for a grand tour of the Lesser Antilles. He can ride planes, trains, and even buses on credit and charge a suit of clothes or a dozen long-stem roses. If he has been forehanded enough to possess a United Whelan Corp. card, he can walk into any of its 136 drugstores and get a swig of Pepto-Bismol on the cuff.

All he need do for the privilege

of leading this kind of life is to pay, promptly, the credit-card company's single monthly bill, however shocking. But if he fails in this, he is soon undone. He may be drummed out of the Diners' club, for example, stripped of his card and his middle-class respectability, and doomed to a lifetime of paying cash for his Baricini candy.

According to *Barron's*, some 15 million credit credentials are now in circulation, but 90% of them are special-purpose cards issued by individual hotels, airlines, railroads, oil companies, telephone and telegraph companies, and the like. These are free, and a vast number of them are filed away in wastebaskets or carried around without ever being used.

The two big general-purpose cards are reserved for the paying members of the Diners' club—now numbering more than 900,000 and increasing at the rate of 30,000 a month—and subscribers to the American Express credit-card service. Only a few months old, American Express already claims 500,000 members and is growing fast. A recent entrant in the field is *Carte Blanche*, which the Hilton hotel people are offering to those who are "interested in the *best* of everything, not the *most*," but which at the same time is being billed as "the single credit card that is truly universal in scope, complete in coverage." The double appeal to snobbery and convenience is typical of the credit card.

When Diners' was launched, in

1950, the field was all but virginal. Aside from the special-purpose cards, designed solely to encourage "product loyalty," and department-store charge accounts, people wrote checks where their checks were acceptable or paid for goods and services in old-fashioned green paper.

That year, finding himself without cash or checkbook in a restaurant one evening, a credit man named Frank McNamara conceived the idea of relieving a favored group of New York businessmen of such embarrassment by means of a restaurant credit card. At first, his card went only to a small circle of 200 friends of the founder and his attorney, Ralph E. Schneider, who today presides over the board of the multi-million-dollar Diners' club.

The idea caught on rapidly. Within a short time professional promoters were at work on a folder, done up in baronial style, which began: "The Membership Selection Committee of the Diners' club invites you. . . ." During the next five years these stern social arbiters sent the invitation to a select group of prospects running into the millions, and the aristocrats poured in: 20,000 the first year, 65,000 by 1953, 250,000 by 1956.

Competitors quickly staked claims in the new gold field. Most of them were too limited in scope to be a real convenience, and either died out as fast as they sprang up or, like Dine & Sign and Trip-Charge, sold out to Diners'.

In the spiraling of consumer credit

that followed the war, businessmen had found themselves with so many cards, most of them free, that according to a Diners' spokesman one needed "a custom-tailored suit with a special pocket to accommodate the wallet, and a special staff of auditors to take care of individual monthly statements and to keep records for tax and other purposes."

What Diners' said, in effect, was: "Pay us \$5 a year and we'll give you one card for whatever you need, a directory of reliable services, and one itemized bill a month." To its ever-growing list of restaurants it gradually added car rentals, a few hotels, some motel chains, gas stations, liquor stores, and gift shops.

The scheme offered advantages all around. The card user could enjoy the convenience of dining or buying spontaneously and without thought for the amount of cash in his pocket. The world became his private club, every waiter was its grizzled retainer, and a display of cash was vulgar.

Membership gave him a pocket guide to accommodations anywhere in the country (later, anywhere in the world) and served as a ready identification for getting checks cashed. Finally, the monthly statement provided him with an automatic record of expenditures that could be used in making up expense accounts and income-tax deductions. Diners' biggest three-month period followed the Internal Revenue bureau's ruling early last year that re-

quired a detailed accounting of business expenses.

For employers (and close to half the memberships are bought by companies for their executives and salesmen) there were even greater advantages. The arrangement not only would make expense-account book-keeping easier but also would reduce "padding." Since employees' bills went directly to the company, a salesman could no longer chalk up imaginary \$20-dinner checks as "business entertainment." Neither could he charge the firm \$15 a night for the kind of accommodations its prestige demanded while he actually holed up in a dive for \$6, pocketing the difference.

To the restaurants and shops involved in the scheme, the appeal was similarly plausible. A listing in the Diners' directory and the competitive advantage of offering credit (at no risk to themselves) would logically bring in new business, for which the Diners' charge of 7% would be a modest commission.

As for the club itself, the 7% would be almost entirely swallowed up by the costs of bookkeeping, billing, promoting, advertising, and credit investigating, plus some inevitable losses from dead beats. But the annual fee from the cardholder would be pure profit. It was this basic fact that was to make bigness mandatory and exclusiveness a mirage. Success lay in getting as many members as possible, and clearly there was a limit to the number who

could dine at New York's Café Chambord or even at the Latin Quarter. Accordingly, the directory got longer and longer and the emphasis shifted gradually to the sale of convenience rather than delusions of grandeur.

So matters stood at the beginning of 1958, a historic year in the business. At the end of March, Diners' only rivals were the Esquire club, which had long since swallowed up Duncan Hines' card and now had about 100,000 members, and the Gourmet club, limping along with some 40,000 cardholders. Diners' had 580,000 members, who had run up charges of more than \$90 million in its latest fiscal year (the average member spends \$20 a month) and netted the club an income of \$2.8 million before taxes. But of its roughly 13,000 facilities, a vast majority were still restaurants.

In June of that year, the American Express Co., for 108 years a byword in travelers' services, announced its intention of launching an "All in One Comprehensive, World-Wide Card—The Card That Gives You the Most of All!"

With a century of varied experience, an enormous reputation, and an established network, Amexco, as it is called in the trade, was off to a fast start. Following the classic pattern, the two leaders got down to the business of buying up the rest of the field. First Amexco took over Gourmet, and Diners' countered by absorbing Esquire.

"We're out to get all the service establishements we can and all the activities we can," says Ralph T. Reed, president of American Express. "We hope to enable people to use a credit card for almost anything they can spend money on." Among the more notable activities he has lined up are the rental of Dictaphone recorders, which can be picked up on credit at any of Dictaphone's 259 offices around the world; the temporary services of office help from Kelly Girl Service, Inc.; and transportation on Greyhound buses, not hitherto regarded as luxury travel.

Ralph E. Schneider, chairman of the board of Diners', sees credit cards as supplanting a patchwork of credit services, and he is doing his best to make them so. On one of his cards you can now buy a Beneficial Standard Life Insurance Co. travel policy, attend a closed-circuit TV showing of a prize fight, and pick up a ticket for the ballet. One Diners' cardholder makes a daily pilgrimage to H. Hicks & Son in midtown Manhattan, where he runs up a monthly bill in ice-cream sodas.

Ironically, the very approach to "universality of use," which will swell the next Diners' and Express directories to more than 22,000 establishements each, may turn out to be almost as risky as it seems to be necessary. Obviously, if every restaurant in town is included in the system, business will be apportioned in the usual way, as though there were no listings at all. Proprietors

may then be expected to take a decreasingly mellow view about the discount they pay on credit-card customers, not to mention the several weeks they have to wait for their money.

Unless Diners', American Express, and Hilton change their basic plan (and there is no indication that they will) their entry into the retail field should have some interesting effects. There are limits to a card user's travel opportunities, and he can spend only so much on food, even if he substitutes steak for filet of sole, but he can easily go overboard on general merchandise. If the cost of his credit in retail stores is gradually added to the price, as it has been elsewhere, the additional 5%-7% on a great volume of business could in time make a difference in the price structure.

The card business itself is likely to be affected by the move into the retail field, where credit risk is a considerable factor. A dead beat doing business at his local department store is not likely to get far. Assuming that he has been allowed to open a charge account to begin with, he can quickly be pinned down and made to pay. But with a Diners' card

he might tour 20 states and buy enough to furnish a mansion, all at the credit club's expense, before his magic card could be canceled.

According to both Diners' and American Express spokesmen, the loss from dead beats is less than the 1% which is accepted as the tolerable ceiling. But Esquire, in its first year, was losing 4% to bad risks, and even where eventual collections are made, the cost of recovery can be high. One cardholder ran up an \$8,000 tab in Las Vegas and didn't pay until the club got a court order permitting it to seize his Cadillac.

To spread the risk, which will presumably be greater as the system grows, the card companies, like the insurance companies, will need the largest possible number of customers. Ralph Schneider of the Diners' club fixes the potential membership at 3 to 5 million in the U.S. alone, and both Diners' and Hilton are reaching out for foreign cardholders as well. With agencies operating under franchise agreements in Japan, Australia, Venezuela, Mexico, and throughout Europe, Diners' has already inducted some 85,000 nationals of other countries into the joys of credit.

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

Two nanny goats were grazing in a Hollywood dump; one nuzzled out a reel of film, and the two chewed meditatively on the tasty morsel for several seconds. Then the first goat said to the second goat, "Isn't this just too yummy for words?"

"Well, it's a nice bit," conceded the second goat. "But on the whole I think I liked the book better."

Minneapolis Tribune (21 April '59).

By May Okon
Condensed from the
New York "Sunday News"**



Mary O'Connor's 6 Million Miles

*She has been up in the
air for 25 years*

THE FLYINGEST WOMAN in the world is undoubtedly a red-haired, blue-eyed stewardess named Mary O'Connor. In her 25 years with United Air Lines, the charming Irish lass has logged more than 6 million miles aloft, the equivalent of circling the globe 250 times.

Mary, a native of Chicago, was one of the first ten nurse-stewardesses to fly for United. "In those days," she recalls, "a nurse worked three or

four days, then her name went to the bottom of a list of 250. It was difficult to keep eating that way. So I applied for a job as a stewardess.

"I'll never forget my first flight. It was an old Ford trimotor. Right then I fell in love with flying, and I've never gotten over it.

"I've talked to a great many passengers and served many a meal since that day in May, 1933," she muses. "Of course, flying has changed a great deal, and so has the stewardess's job. In the old days, with a maximum of ten passengers and long, slow flights, there was plenty of time to get acquainted. We didn't fuss much with food. We served sandwiches and cold fried chicken. One of my regular passengers used to say, 'One more bite of airline chicken and I'll be able to fly without the plane.'"

During her thousands of flights, Mary has made friends with many famous persons. Eleanor Roosevelt taught her to knit. Amelia Earhart tried to get her to learn to pilot a plane, but finally gave up; as Mary explains it, "If I flew the way I drive — pity the poor passengers!"

Some of Mary's other charges have been President Eisenhower, whom she accompanied on his first campaign tour in 1952; former Pres-

ident Herbert Hoover, who referred to her as "a great lady"; Adlai Stevenson, Chief Justice Earl Warren, Wendell Willkie, Fritz Kreisler, Arthur Godfrey, Gregory Peck, Jimmy Stewart, Jack Benny, Jerry Lewis, and Will Rogers.

"I offered Mr. Rogers some gum," Mary remembers, "but he refused it and chewed on a piece of string."

There's no doubt in Mary's mind as to the most exciting incident in her career. "It was the day in 1946 when W. A. Patterson, president of United, called me out onto the field and showed me the company's new twin-engine Convair. There on its side in big letters was written, *Mainliner O'Connor*. I got a big lump in my throat when I saw my name on that beautiful plane."

Mary is assigned regularly to the Convair, which was built as a flying office for United executives. It is used on occasion for charter services, such as movie-promotion tours and political-campaign travel. Wherever the *Mainliner O'Connor* goes, there goes Stewardess O'Connor. "I've been flying in it so long that it seems like home," says Mary.

She flies 600 to 700 hours a year. Between trips, Mary's favorite landing places are Chicago, where she lives with her mother (Mary is unmarried); New York ("I love the shows"); and Honolulu. But no matter where she is, if it's too long between flights, "I get itchy feet."

"Being a stewardess is the best of

TRAVELERS' AID

A traveler need never feel homesick or lonely as long as he can get to church, thinks Mary O'Connor, veteran airline stewardess. "My advice to travelers is to go to church as often as possible," she says. "I have always found that the feeling of being a stranger in a strange city disappeared as soon as I went to Mass."

all careers, for me, anyway," she declares. "I hope I'll never have to retire. I'll just keep flying as long as they let me. I never get airsick, though when I'm on a ship I get seasick. I'm afraid of the water. I've been on a train twice in my life."

Mary has never been in a plane accident. She has never experienced a forced landing. "I'm no more upset when I hear about plane disasters than I am about automobile crashes. Years ago, when I first began flying, my mother told me, 'Either God or the devil is going to get you in the end, anyway. We'd better make sure you're in the hands of the right protector and leave it at that.'

"The only thing that gives me a turn occasionally," adds Mary, smiling, "is listening to some of the pilots talk. They're hiring them younger and younger these days. It does startle me when one of them says something that reveals he wasn't even born when I made my first flight. Isn't that just like a woman?"

The Smog That Kills

Dirt and chemicals from many sources are threatening health and damaging property in our small towns as well as great cities

IN THOUSANDS of communities, Americans are breathing air that is not fit to breathe. A mixture of dirt and gases is damaging their houses, furnishings, gardens, dispositions, and general health.

On a smoggy morning in Los Angeles, planes are grounded because pilots can't see to land, even though above the smog the sun is shining brightly. The smog brings an epidemic of automobile accidents and causes eyes to smart and tears to flow. Los Angeles physicians advise patients with asthma and other respiratory diseases to leave the area.

Already the problem is acute in small towns and suburbs as well as in big cities. A housewife living near York, Pa., where the air is clouded with dust and smoke from a cement and gypsum plant, says the dirt has "got so bad that I have had to keep our storm windows on all summer."

In Lewiston, Idaho, a large pulp-paper plant emits so much sulfur dioxide that the stench can be noticed

as far west as Pomeroy, Wash., nearly 30 miles away.

People of Phoenix, Ariz., say gravel pits and rock crushers add to the problem of airborne grit from nearby desert regions. Residents of Polk county, Florida, complain of fluorides discharged into the air by phosphate mines and mills. The people in towns along the upper Ohio River valley have demanded legislation to control air pollution caused by steel mills in the region.

As our population grows and our



industries expand, the problem becomes worse.

In the past, smoke and soot have been the chief causes of air pollution. But in recent years, chemical gases, fumes, and other invisible pollutants have been poured into the air in increasing volume. Now, even air which looks clear may be seriously polluted. Public-health experts point out that two or more chemical pollutants, each relatively harmless in itself, may combine in the air to produce a new compound injurious to health or property.

The depressing effects of air pollution have been cited by Sally Butler, director of legislation for the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"More and more," Miss Butler predicts, "the American housewife will notice that the world outside is gray and drab, not only because the air is that way, but also because the windows themselves are continually filmed with dirt despite frequent washings. She will notice that certain plants will not grow in her yard. In more and more cities she will notice that the sun rises an hour later than it should, and sets an hour earlier.

"She will notice that the clothes she launders are stained a deep gray, and that the walls of her home need washing or painting at shorter intervals. Soon she will begin to wonder whether there is any connection between her children's illnesses and

the obnoxious gases and dusts which fill the air they breathe."

Experts have tried to calculate the national cost of air pollution: the extra soap, laundering, and dry cleaning; the additional electricity used because the sun's rays are blocked by smog; the expenses of replacing copper, galvanized iron, and other metals corroded by chemicals in the air; the cost of frequent repainting of houses, and of repairing damage done to vulnerable automobile finishes.

The total costs also include the cracking of rubber products and their loss of elasticity; the slow crumbling or pitting of stone building surfaces and foundations through the action of acids or sulfur compounds in the air; the damage done to farm crops; the decline of real-estate values in neighborhoods where dirty air interferes with normal living.

One estimate sets the cost at \$7½ billion annually. Another puts it at \$325 a year for a typical family of five.

The effects of smog on health are not so easy to assess. Physicians point out that we inhale more than 4,000 gallons of air each day. If the air contains contaminants potent enough to dissolve automobile finishes, stunt the growth of plants, corrode metals, and even etch pits in stone, it is reasonable to conclude that the human body is also damaged.

Our nasal passages are designed to filter out a certain amount of dirt from the air, but can they protect us from the dangers of year-after-year inhalation of the heavier contaminants?

Lung cancer has been linked with air pollution, on the basis of such evidence as this. 1. In recent years, both lung cancer and air pollution have increased markedly. 2. Lung cancer rates are much higher among city dwellers who, on the average, breathe more heavily polluted air. 3. When city smog is analyzed, chemical substances called carcinogens (known to cause cancer) are found in it. 4. When particles taken from the air are injected into some species of laboratory animals, cancers are produced. 5. When some species of laboratory animals are forced to breathe air containing concentrated amounts of certain pollutants commonly found in city air, lung tumors result.

Why is our air so filthy, and what can we do to clean it up?

The U. S. Public Health service last November called a national conference on air pollution in Washington, D.C. Representatives of the public, the medical profession, and industry met with air-pollution experts to pool their knowledge and map programs of action.

The experts did not discount the role of industrial plants in air pollution. But emphasis was also laid on the amount of air pollution caused

by the everyday activities of ordinary American families.

"See that tiny wisp of smoke emerging from the chimney of that split-level across the street?" one delegate asked. "That's from an oil burner slightly out of adjustment. It doesn't look like anything much to worry about, does it? Yet a thousand inconspicuous wisps of smoke like that, emerging from a thousand house chimneys, may do as much to blacken the air as the biggest industrial smokestack in the city."

Automobiles, he added, are also important sources of air pollution, and so are back-yard trash burners.

Under ordinary weather conditions, domestic and industrial wastes discharged into the air are blown away by the wind or rise on warm air currents and are gradually diluted and dispersed. But suppose the wind doesn't blow? Suppose there is an "inversion," a layer of warm air hovering over a neighborhood and, like a lid, preventing the polluted air from rising? When this happens, the concentration of pollutants in the air can soon reach intolerable levels.

Donora, Pa., is an industrial town lying in a river valley. For several windless days in 1948, pollutants accumulated under an inversion in ever increasing density. The result was tragedy. On the third day, 17 Donora residents lay dead. By the end of the week, more than 5,900 were ill. Air-pollution experts urge

every community to take whatever action is necessary to prevent another Donora.

Here are ways *you* can help.

Your furnace is an important source of air pollution. Figures submitted at the conference on air pollution last fall indicate that the average coal-burning home furnace discharges into the air up to three times as many sulfur compounds, aldehydes, organic acids, and other chemical pollutants as an average oil-fired furnace. It also emits 30 or 40 times as much smoke. Gas is the cleanest fuel, but it does cause some pollution.

To minimize air pollution with a coal furnace, burn hard coal. Have your combustion chamber and flues adjusted for the particular type of coal you burn. Insist that your coal be washed before delivery. Coal, even soft coal, can be burned smokelessly in a properly designed stoker which feeds the coal in under the fire.

St. Louis took the lead in bringing this kind of air pollution under control. Once one of the sootiest of American cities, St. Louis forbade the use of soft coal in any hand-fired furnace. The improvement in the city's air was immediate and dramatic.

If you burn oil, have your oil burner tuned up at least once a year. Use only the grade of oil for which your burner is designed. The wrong oil will cause smoke. Don't burn

rags, papers, or refuse in your furnace. Glance up at your chimney now and again. If you see smoke, call a serviceman. Remember, a smoky fire is wasting fuel in addition to polluting the neighborhood.

The burning of trash, fallen leaves, and garden cuttings is another big source of air pollution. If burned in an ordinary trash burner, the amount of trash accumulated by a family of five adds an estimated 850 pounds of pollutants to the air each year. Multiply those 850 pounds by the number of families in your city, and you get some notion of how serious the problem can become. Los Angeles has prohibited all back-yard burning of trash, and has substituted city-wide trash collections. Many other communities have followed suit.

Your automobile, like your furnace and incinerator, is likely to be an important cause of air pollution. For every tankful of gasoline you buy, about one gallon escapes into the air unburned. Part evaporates directly from the carburetor and gas tank; the remainder is emitted as exhaust. Among the exhaust products are hydrocarbons, aldehydes, oxides of nitrogen, oxidants. When these substances are acted upon by sunshine, photochemical reactions occur; new chemical compounds, some of them not identified yet, are formed. This effect is particularly acute in Los Angeles, one of the first American cities to complain of smog.

It serves to explain why smogs in Los Angeles, unlike those in most other cities, are worst on warm, sunny days.

Here are some ways by which you can keep your car from contributing more than its share to air pollution.

Keep the carburetor properly adjusted. If the mixture of air and gasoline is too rich, your car will travel fewer miles to the gallon, and will eject more pollutants into the air. When carburetor gaskets leak, gasoline evaporates even when the engine isn't running. One sign of this is a deposit of reddish powder on the carburetor. If you see such a deposit, have the carburetor repaired.

Some oil-burning jalopies pour clouds of thick blue smoke into the air. Such a car should be either repaired or junked.

Air pollution caused by industrial activity is another problem, one which for years seemed to defy solution because of the enormous costs involved. Two steel companies together spent \$84 million on smoke control. A public-utility company spent \$2 million for the same purpose at just one plant.

However, some companies are

able to recover much of the money spent on smoke control, and others actually profit from the installation of devices which turn industrial wastes to use. William R. Bradley, of American Cyanamid Co., cites one example. "Four boilers at one of our plants were equipped with dust collectors at a cost of \$64,000," says Mr. Bradley. "They remove about 4000 tons of fly ash each year. The collected ash, which is 70% carbon, is returned to the furnace, and the value of the fuel thus saved comes to \$32,000 a year."

Several hundred cities and towns now have laws aimed at reducing air pollution. But fewer than 50 have adequate means to enforce them.

This year the federal government is spending \$4 million on the problem; Los Angeles, \$4 million; and other cities, counties, and states an estimated \$4 or \$5 million more.

Are these modest efforts enough? The experts say No. Most observers expect that our air will grow smoggier and more dangerous to health until we attack the problem of air pollution with the same kind of intensive effort which helped to clean up our water supplies years ago.

REALIST

A man stopped at the gardening department of a large department store. "I wish to order three lawn mowers," he told the clerk.

"You must have a large estate," the clerk remarked.

"No, but I have two neighbors," replied the man grimly.

Cape Argus (Aug. '58).



KUKLA, FRAN, AND OLLIE have every right these days to echo Jimmy Durante's lament, "Everybody wants to get into the act." Even a Maryknoll nun.

Two puppets named Gruffy and Trilly, and their friend Sister Mary Serra, are the latest to win TV puppet popularity with their Sunday morning telecast, *Let's Talk About God*.

The 25-year-old Sister Serra, who became a Catholic while a University of California coed, has produced a show that rates high with viewers ranging in age from four to 12. The show is seen on NBC's WRCA-TV in New York City.

Gruffy, who would rather aspire to juvenile delinquency than to sainthood, and Trilly, who bravely keeps her mind on Sister Serra while

Gruffy, Trilly, and Sister Serra

A nun and her puppets send young televiewers off to Mass with more to think about than the Sunday comics

keeping her golden locks out of Gruffy's clutches, make the program much more than just another catechism class. The papier-mâché puppets help the nun convey profound truths in an entertaining way. "Trilly's questions and Gruffy's wisecracks create an informal atmosphere which makes children feel at home," she explains.

Although the show is built around the puppets, they are on camera no more than half the 15 minutes the program is on the air. They thus avoid the overexposure that has ended many TV careers.

"We try to have them ask the same questions the children are asking themselves," says Sister Serra. "If we asked the questions ourselves, the show would become too much like regular Sunday School."

Last fall, WRCA offered the Archdiocese of New York 15 minutes a week for a "live" show. Msgr. Tim-

* 180 Varick St., New York City 14. April, 1959. © 1959 by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, and reprinted with permission.

othy J. Flynn, TV director for the archdiocese, got in touch with Maryknoll. He soon arranged for Sister Serra to do *Let's Talk About God*.

Though the archdiocese produces the show in cooperation with WRCA, Sister Serra writes her own script. She and Sister Maria de la Cruz provide voices for the puppets as well.

Each Saturday, the nuns make the 35-mile train trip to the city from the mother house at Maryknoll, N.Y. They stay overnight at the convent of the Church of the Transfiguration, just off Mott St. in Chinatown.

The show consists of illustrated talks about religion. The nuns try to take into account the varying interests in the age bracket of the audience.

"The older ones and even some of the parents write in to object strongly if we have too much baby talk," Sister Serra says. "And if we get a little too abstract, we lose the younger ones. Some of them write in, too!"

One Sunday, Sister Serra brought a box of toy building blocks to the studio. Placing one block on another, she told about the creation of the world. Then, after toppling the structure, she explained how Adam's sin had disrupted created order.

On another telecast, she appealed to the almost universal clubhouse instinct among boys when explaining such Church symbols as the Chi Rho. "These special signs were used by the persecuted Christians as code

messages," she said, in a low, confidential voice.

Since she began facing the cameras last October, Sister Serra has allowed the liturgy to set the weekly themes. For several Sundays during the Christmas season, she showed her audience how to make Advent wreaths and Nativity cribs (with Gruffy continually getting the instructions bungled).

On Jan. 11, the feast of the Holy Family, a retired carpenter explained the basic skills of the trade which St. Joseph taught the boy Jesus.

Before taking charge of the program, Sister Serra was an apprentice to Sister Maria del Rey, well-known writer who is now director of the Maryknoll Sisters' publicity department.

Appearing on a weekly TV program was no part of her picture of the future when Sister Serra (then Dorothy Koenig) entered the novitiate at Valley Park, Mo., in 1955. But only five years earlier, the idea that she would become a Catholic, let alone a nun, would have seemed even more unlikely.

Her first curiosity about Catholicism was aroused by a dormitory roommate at the University of California at Berkeley. "I began to wonder a lot about why she went to the trouble of getting up so early every morning to go to Mass," Sister Serra recalls.

She found the answer to many of her *why's* about the Church at New-

man club discussions. She was baptized by Father Charles Albright, c.s.p., Newman club chaplain and himself a convert.

The same girl whose example led to Dorothy's conversion had a minor connection with her vocation, too. "She had a Maryknoll calendar we both used to mark our exam dates on," Sister Serra says. "But this was really only a coincidence. It was the Maryknoll magazine, then called the *Field Afar*, that convinced me."

She applied for admission to the novitiate immediately after graduation in 1954. Fear that her vocation

was nothing more than "convert fervor" caused Maryknoll superiors at San Francisco to advise a year's wait.

She spent the year doing graduate work for a high-school teaching certificate. On the last day of 1955 she was received into the novitiate.

She took her Religious name from the California missionary, Junipero Serra. She doesn't complain when letters from TV viewers are addressed "Sister Mary Sarah." However the letters are addressed, they show that Gruffy, Trilly, and Sister Serra know how to make friends and keep them.



In Our Parish

In our parish we have a summer camp. Last summer one of the boys who went to the camp insisted that he had to be back home by Saturday noon. The assistant who runs the camp made a special trip to get him back.

"You could let me off at the bus station," the boy suggested, as they arrived in town.

"I thought you had to get back home," the assistant said.

"No," the boy answered. "I'm underprivileged. I have to go to another camp."

P.B.



In our parish, a young priest, fresh from the seminary, was giving religion instruction to the 1st graders. As he waxed philosophical, the children stared wide-eyed and perplexed.

"Man is an animal," Father said. "We are all animals." The six-year-olds didn't understand, Sister saw, and she was wondering how to explain. She was immensely relieved when a little fellow jumped up, and said triumphantly, "I know what you mean, Father. We're Jesus' little lambs."

Sister M. Corona, S.S.C.M.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]



The Nation's Greatest Historic Shrine

**The Battle of Gettysburg proved
the turning point in the Civil War**

A visitor to peaceful Gettysburg, Pa., might find it hard to realize that here on the first three days of July, 1863, was fought one of the bloodiest and most decisive battles of the Civil War. It was here that Gen. Robert E. Lee of the Confederate forces hoped

to inflict a crushing defeat on the Union army under Gen. George Meade. Such a victory on Northern soil would give the South a tremendous lift.

Lee had reason for optimism. His troops had already given the enemy



The fields of Gettysburg, Pa., where on the first three days of July, 1863, one of the fiercest battles of the War Between the States was fought.

severe drubbings in prior engagements. On July 1, when the battle was joined, the Southern forces gained the advantage. But their triumph was short-lived. The next two days saw the Southerners thoroughly routed.

It was a costly battle for both sides. The Confederates had about 77,000 troops and suffered 28,000 casualties.

The 60-foot Soldiers' National monument marks the spot where Lincoln delivered his famous Gettysburg address on Nov. 19, 1863. It is now part of the Gettysburg National Military Park and Cemetery.



**New York Daily News Photos by
Robert Cranston and Gus Schoenbaechler**

The Northerners put about 85,000 in the field and their casualties reached 23,000.

The battleground is famous not only for the fact that it marked a turning point in the Civil War, but also because it was there that Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg address.

Historic Shrine

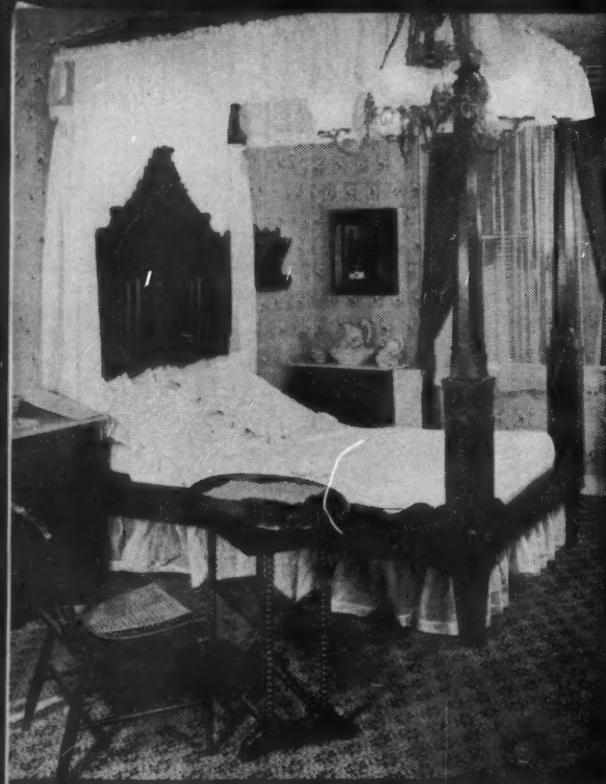
The Battle of Gettysburg proved the turning point in the Civil War

A visitor to peaceful Gettysburg, Pa., might find it hard to realize that here on the first three days of July, 1863, was fought one of the bloodiest and most decisive battles of the Civil War. It was here that Gen. Robert E. Lee of the Confederate forces hoped

to inflict a crushing defeat on the Union army under Gen. George Meade. Such a victory on Northern soil would give the South a tremendous lift.

Lee had reason for optimism. His troops had already given the enemy

100



In this bedroom of the Wills house, President Abraham Lincoln rested on the eve of delivering his Gettysburg address.

Pickett's charge, which saw the Confederate army cut to pieces, took place in this area.

severe drubbings in prior engagements. On July 1, when the battle was joined, the Southern forces gained the advantage. But their triumph was short-lived. The next two days saw the Southerners thoroughly routed.

It was a costly battle for both sides. The Confederates had about 77,000 troops and suffered 28,000 casualties.

New York Daily News Photos by
Robert Cranston and Gus Schoenbaechler

The Northerners put about 85,000 in the field and their casualties reached 23,000.

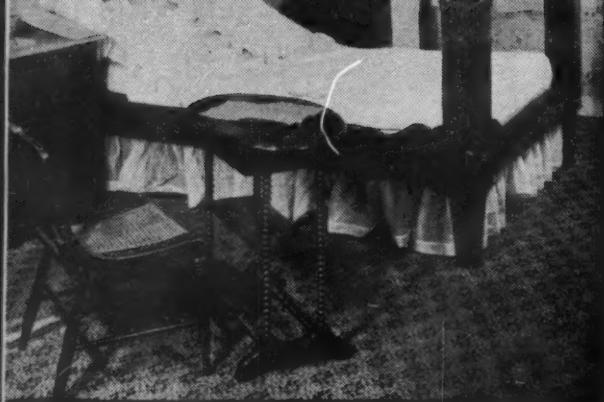
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101

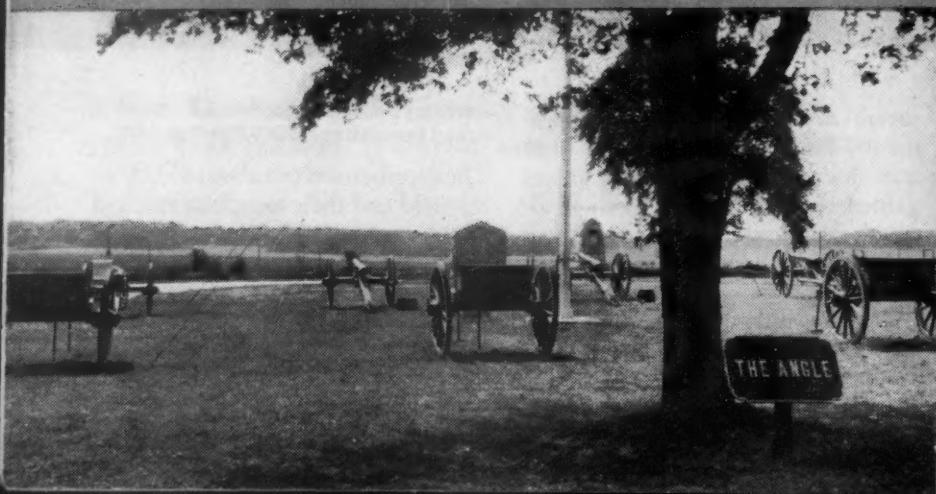


Devil's Den was a vantage point used by sharpshooters of both sides to pick off their opponents. It was the scene of vicious attack and counterattack during battle.





Pickett's charge, which saw the Confederate army cut to pieces, took place in this area.

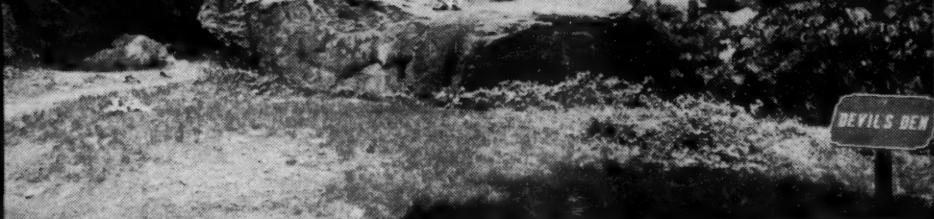


By Constance Bannister
Condensed from the
"Star Weekly Magazine"™

How to Take Pictures of Your Children

An expert tells how to





Devil's Den was a vantage point used by sharpshooters of both sides to pick off their opponents. It was the scene of vicious attack and counterattack during battle.



Lydia Leister house was occupied by General Meade. It was here that he planned the strategy to defeat Lee's Southern army.

HOW TO TAKE PICTURES OF YOUR CHILDREN

105

Is there any one over-all rule?

If there is, I'd say it's: keep it simple, as simple as feeding a child or putting him to bed. If you don't make a production of picture taking, you'll get good pictures. If you're grim, the child will be grim, too. But if you act as if you're having fun, you both will!

What if the camera makes the

my and daddy overlooking the proceedings.

Should one take lots of pictures and rely on the law of averages, or just take a few carefully posed pictures?

That law of averages should be repealed! It's wasteful of money, effort, and energy, and it doesn't take into account the fact that children

By Constance Bannister
Condensed from the
"Star Weekly Magazine"**



How to Take Pictures of Your Children

*An expert tells how to
get the tots to pose*

*What preparations should be
made before the child is brought on
the scene?*

All of them. The camera should be set, the lights on, the background arranged, the props handy and everything technical disposed of before the child knows what is coming up.

There are two reasons for this—keeping the child from tiring before picture taking begins, and keeping the photographer's mind free for the major job of posing the child.

THE STYLE and understanding that Constance Bannister adds to her camera skill have made her photographs world-famous. Her calendars, books, and captioned baby and pet pictures delight millions. Here she asks and answers the questions most often raised when children are being photographed.

What's the chief difference between photographing children and adults?

If the adult happens to be a celebrity, there's remarkably little difference. To get good pictures you have to handle a baby like a celebrity, and a celebrity like a baby. They're both most photogenic when they're showing off. The art of photographing anyone, of any age, is to get the subject's mind off the camera.

How do you work on a child?

The first thing is to know in your own mind what picture you're after. So you begin with a situation—something from a baby's everyday life that you want to get down on film.

If you desire a breakfast shot in the middle of the afternoon, for instance, you pretend you're playing "tea party."

*80 King St., W., Toronto 1, Ont., Canada.
Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

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What if the camera makes the child shy?

There's a bagful of tricks, all calculated to make the child forget himself and the camera. Nobody knows his own child better than the parent, and with a little imagination any parent ought to be able to devise a "trick" that will work on his offspring. Here's one suggestion. If he insists he doesn't want his picture taken, capitalize on his love for a particular toy. Tell him you want a picture of his beloved teddy bear, and won't he sit like so and hold the bear up for the camera like this?

And if the brat still won't pose?

Give up. You wouldn't want to catch him in that mood in a picture, anyway.

Do you have more trouble with parents or with children?

My only trouble with parents is keeping them from helping. I find my most effective parent-shusher is to spell the word "q-u-i-e-t." Actually, I get along better with children when I can focus their attention on me, and that's hard to do with mom-

my and daddy overlooking the proceedings.

Should one take lots of pictures and rely on the law of averages, or just take a few carefully posed pictures?

That law of averages should be repealed! It's wasteful of money, effort, and energy, and it doesn't take into account the fact that children are easily bored. You can't go on and on when you're photographing children. I'd say take five or six pictures to be certain one or two of them are worth the trouble of getting them set up. But if you know you "got it" the first time, don't take any more.

What are your suggestions about backgrounds?

Make them fit! Let them help tell the story, when possible. If you've dressed your child in that cute little Lord Fauntleroy suit, put him against something that matches: not the kitchen sink but the overstuffed sofa. Technically, the best background for a head shot is none, that is, something as unobtrusive as a blank wall. Don't put a child in dark clothes against a dark background unless you're taking only his face; use contrast.

What are some of the chief faults in homemade child photography?

The most common is empty-headedness. Most home pictures carry an unwritten caption which says: "Hold it—I'll take your picture." In-

stead, they should tell a story, give an idea, repeat a chuckle, suggest a whole string of memories. The most important ingredient in a good picture is a good idea.

For professional photographs, should one have the photographer come to the home or take the child to the studio?

I'd say, "Take him to the studio." At home, the child can run out on you; he knows the hiding places better than you do. The photographer is an interloper, and the heck with him. In the studio, the strangeness is inhibiting at first, but after the warmup the same strangeness is exciting. The child can be himself, but within bounds you set up.

Do you consider color too difficult for the average amateur?

No. The tough part comes in the laboratory, and the amateur doesn't have to concern himself with that. All he has to do is follow the exposure directions he finds in every roll of color film.

In photographing several children, do you recommend taking them separately or doing a group picture?

You want a group shot if you can get it. And you can get it if you make the picture taking into a play or a TV production or otherwise engage the children's interest. If the result is "good" of Joey but "terrible" of Mary, you can always have only

Joe enlarged and relegate Mary to the darkroom floor. Try the group shot, even if the result is pandemonium—isn't that real?

Is there any way, short of a rope, to make a child hold still when being photographed?

If you slow yourself down to a point where he has to hold still, you're through before you begin. You'll never get a lively picture if you must first "freeze" the action. Use fast film, light the scene well, and you can shoot what happens.

Does playing background music help?

Only if the child likes to dance and you're after a dance picture. Otherwise, music is just a distraction.

What about a child's attire when he is photographed?

Have the clothes fit. By that I mean not only that zippers be zipped and waists tapered and collars snug, but also that the clothes fit the child's type, personality, and the picture you plan to take. Clothes can disguise, that is, a skinny girl can be filled out by ruffles and organdies, but they mustn't dominate. Don't dress a tomboy in frills or put a "butch" in velvet pants: the incongruity will make for unreality.

How about bribing kids to co-operate?

The minute children get the idea

that posing deserves a reward, or that you are catering to them, or that they are doing you a favor, you might as well quit—not only for that session, but forever after. The most workable appeal is to their longing for approval. Make a point of saying to your friends, "My son poses well." The job well done is the one everyone wishes to do again. Show the child the pictures you took and flatter his ego as you do: not "Aren't they pretty!" but "Boy, what a handstand!"

Have you any suggestions for home-movie fans?

Make a game of it. Think out a narrative in advance. Sell the idea as interesting play activity for the afternoon. Appeal to the child's pride by hinting you may have a neighborhood showing of the movie later, and maybe even take movies of the neighbors' kids watching the movie. One caution: don't put the youngster on the spot by asking him to make up a speech; instead, tell him what he's going to do and say. He can improve on your script, but at least he won't feel like a dunce.

How about some "technical" pointers for the amateur?

Not so technical, but here goes. Develop a habit pattern for checking your camera to see that it is set for distance and shutter speed, and that you've turned the film after the last shot.

Make the routine as automatic as guiding a fork to your mouth, so you just don't have to think about it. For the same reason, stick to the same film all the time; and, once you find a processor whose work you like, stick to him.

Have you any equipment tips?

For a parent who is a beginner in photography, the simplest equipment is preferable: 1. camera, a little \$12 job with fixed focus and flash attachment will do as a starter; 2. lights, plain old No. 2 photofloods will do, one with a shiny reflector and one for general lighting—or use one light and, as a reflector, a mirror or a board covered with crinkled aluminum foil; 3. background, a roll of white paper will save the trouble of rearranging furniture, and will make the subject stand out.



IMPEDIMENT

The little girl looked despondent and puzzled as she told her playmates that she guessed her older sister wasn't getting married after all.

"How do you know she isn't?" asked one of her playmates.

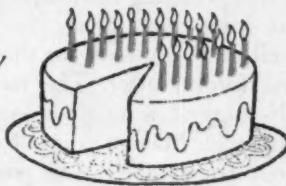
"Because," answered the girl, "I heard her boy friend talking to my daddy. He only wants her hand."

Bob Brown.

By Gareth Hiebert
*Condensed from the St. Paul "Dispatch"***

Father Joseph's Birthday

A priest in exile finds love among America's halt and bedridden



AS HE WALKED across the narrow street to Ancker hospital from the little house he shares with the regular chaplain, Father Joseph Laczkovits stopped a moment to bask in the spring-afternoon warmth.

For a second his mind went back. It reminded him a little of Vienna, and before that his native Hungary. Funny—in the four months he had been in St. Paul, Minn., this was the first time this American city had given him that peculiar feeling of nostalgia.

Suddenly he remembered what day it was: his birthday. His 48th, but his first in America. Then, with a guilty thought that he was dawdling, Father Laczkovits (they all called him Father Joseph here) hurried into the hospital. Ancker is the St. Paul city emergency hospital.

Father Joseph's duties would be heavier today because Father Louis Gales, the chaplain, was away on business. Father Joseph smiled. He enjoyed his duty as assistant chaplain. He was curious, too, about the note he'd gotten the day before, ask-

ing him to make sure he was in the East 3 wing by 2:30 P.M.

"These Americans are funny," he thought. "They make appointments to see the chaplain in the hospital."

East 3 is the section where patients with broken bones and paralysis live. Father Joseph walked slowly down the ward, between traction apparatus, dodging wheel chairs, pausing to say hello. He wished he could speak better English.

Then he walked into the back ward. As he crossed the threshold, he stopped, almost in panic. The room was crowded with people sitting on chairs, in their beds, in wheel chairs. Their faces turned to him in unspoken command.

"Surprise!" they shouted. "Happy birthday, Father!"

He looked around the room, at the birthday cake on the table. Then he turned to the big, hearty man with one leg off, who was motioning the others for silence. His name is Harry B. Klaus, widely known in St. Paul civic affairs 20 years ago.

*55 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn., in the "Oliver Towne" column, April 10, 1959. © 1959 by Northwest Publications, and reprinted with permission.

"Folks," he said, "I'm not much of a singer, but let's give out with it." And so they all sang, "Happy birthday, Father Joseph."

Father Joseph shook hands all around—with the other patients: Reinhard Block, in the wheel chair; and Robert Jensen and John Woodburn, lying in their beds; and Mrs. Mary McEiver and Irene Norman, volunteer visitors from the Council of Catholic Women. He took out his handkerchief and wiped away a tear, and so did some of the women. Meanwhile, Miss Mary Ashford, the social worker, slipped Harry an envelope full of money, which the patients had contributed for Father Joseph's birthday.

"I'd like to say a few words now," said Harry. "I guess we all know how Father Joseph came to America from Austria, and how he was imprisoned by the communists and

nazis in the war. Father, you may not be able to understand this, but we are here today—Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians, and a Methodist and a Jew among us—to honor you on your birthday as a brother of all of us. And a friend. We just want you to know that your being here makes us happy. Oh, yes, by the way, the Rev. E. Frederick Otto, the Lutheran chaplain, sent his greetings; he wanted to be here, too, but he is ill in Bethesda hospital. He gave me the message.

"Now, to show you how we feel, here is a little something we want you to have."

Father Joseph took the envelope of money, pocketed it quickly, and blew his nose.

"Let's eat cake," said Harry, clapping his hands. So Father Joseph and Mrs. Sylvia Olson blew out the candles, which were burning low.

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"Make a wish, Father," said Miss Ashford, who poured coffee.

So Father Joseph made a wish. And he wished that somehow he would be able to get word from his mother and four brothers, living behind the Iron Curtain in Hungary. And he wished them safe.

Then he whispered to Harry.

"Father would like to have the floor a minute before he leaves," said Harry. "I will translate."

Father Joseph spoke, haltingly, in German, about how overwhelmed he was. But his mind, just then, went back to birthdays in his family's big home in Hungary in happier days.

"I came here as a lonely and sad man," he said. "Today you have made me very happy. Back in Hungary we always heard that Americans were friendly and hospitable and kind and with big hearts. Now I

have been shown that this is true.

"For my part, I want to be your friend as well as priest and to help all here who need help, regardless of race or faith. And someday I would like to invite all of you to be my guests in my home in Hungary when it is once more free like your country. Thank you."

It was still in the room when Harry had finished translating these words into English. Then applause rippled through the ward.

"Hurray for Father Joseph!" someone shouted. He shook hands again and left.

Father Joseph passed a nurse sitting behind a desk at the opposite end of the hall, and she looked at him. "My goodness," she said to an orderly. "Whatever happened to Father Joseph down there? He had the biggest smile. It must have been his birthday or something."

Cut here

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I Revisit Russia (II)

The chief of secret police picks an odd occasion on which to question me

IT WAS A STRANGE SITUATION. I had fled the USSR as a Russian princess. Now, as wife of a French diplomat, I was entering the Kremlin. In my hand was an enormous card, stamped with the arms of the USSR. It invited my husband Svetik and myself to lunch with President Bulganin and the Presidium. The daughter of a political prisoner was about to sit down to a meal with his former jailers.

We made our way into the giant entrance hall, with its four monolithic pillars of gray marble. None of those gold-bedecked ushers or liveried footmen of whom my mother had told me. Servants in badly cut suits led the guests toward cloak-rooms which were like the cloak-rooms of cheap theaters. A number of unexplained individuals, whose functions were only too obvious, kept an eye on us from corners.

It was easy to people the rooms and corridors with ghosts. Everything evoked them: the magnificence of the two enormous crystal chandeliers on one of the landings;

the laurel-leaved record of victories on the stairway; the pillars in St. George's hall; the marble plaques bearing the names of the Knights of the Order; the inlaid floors. In another life my mother had walked through these rooms before me.

A huge canvas depicting Lenin's speech at the 3rd Komsomol congress jerked me back to the present. Then doors swung open onto a small salon hung with red. The men stepped out of the picture to greet us.

All the masters of Russia were there. My first impression? What-



ever else they might be, there was not a single fool among them. These men were no symbol, not even a principle, like kings, but a very real and personal power.

Here was Bulganin, then [1957] still in power. He was calm, reserved. He had a charming smile, but it did not seem to belong to his face. His eyes were blue and cold, bottomless. One day I was to see him out of temper: his anger showed itself in a spark of fury, flashing out from his impassive features. I felt I was being weighed, judged when he took my hand.

The old guard was represented by Kaganovich, of the suspicious eye. He was the only one who resolutely refused to forget my origins. He was abrupt and hostile.

Molotov was a pathetic figure. Small, wiry, reserved, almost inhuman in his abstraction, he was the saint and the ascetic of the party. He had given it everything, had sacrificed even his personality. A martyr of devoted communist obedience, he had accepted the massacre of his friends without a murmur. He had bowed to circumstances when the anti-Jewish trials had compelled him to separate from his Jewish wife. He had taken her back when de-Stalinization came, performing a kind of marital rehabilitation which matched that on the political level.

He was the man who was employed, without any thought for his pride, to plead contradictory arguments in Geneva and elsewhere, and

he had listened with indifference while Western statesmen quoted his own arguments against him. I saw him that day as a robot untouched by honors or humiliations, an empty envelope with a constantly changing address.

Mikoyan, on the other hand, was extremely lively. He had the oriental finesse of the Armenians as well as considerable knowledge of the West. Small, alert, knowing precisely when to speak out and when to be silent, he seemed all ears and all eyes. Ambitious? Who could say? But he was undoubtedly wise to be content to play second fiddle.

Madame Ekaterina Furtseva, the first lady of the USSR, the only woman member of the Presidium and a great friend of Khrushchev's (people called her Catherine III), did not lack charm. She did not wear jewelry, her hair was drawn back in a bun, and she was neither pretentious nor vulgar. Was she an exceptional woman? Perhaps not, but she was certainly intelligent, lively, and direct.

I recognized an old acquaintance, Marshal Zhukov, whom I had met several times when I was a journalist in Berlin. He was talking with a group of people and I did not approach him, except to shake his hand. He still had the same honest Russian peasant's face, serene and earnest.

But the man who really gripped my interest was the fabulous, the

astonishing Nikita Khrushchev. He gave the impression of being bigger than he really was. No doubt, to-day's function was not important enough for him to really show his paces; he had less to say for himself than usual.

For all that, he was the only happy adult I was ever to meet in the Soviet Union. He had a tremendous zest for life. Gone were the days when he used to dance the *gopak* to amuse Stalin. Today he stood at the peak of the world. Intelligence and mischief enlivened his heavy features, but his feet were solidly on the ground. Behind that rather burlesque appearance lay decision, energy, common sense, ambition and—dangerous for himself and for us—impulsiveness.

Who was this mysterious Kirichenko, whose position and importance no one knew exactly? Massive and silent, he held himself aloof from the foreign guests. Dimitri Shepilov, the former journalist, was again minister of foreign affairs. He spoke without smiling, with a great deal of authority.

There were many others of whom I caught no more than a glimpse before the doors of the Catherine hall opened, and we were beckoned in to our meal. Before going in, I looked for my place on the seating plan. Mr. Arutunyan, a professor at Moscow university and a director at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, would sit on my right. On my left was to be General Serov.

My husband, clearly uneasy, whispered, "You know who he is? The head of the secret police."

Serov's name alone was enough to make even the most honest of Soviet citizens shake in their boots, but there was nothing physically terrifying about him. He was a short, lean individual with a blotchy complexion and little gray eyes beneath reddened lids.

The Russians are not very subtle in their approach. Hardly had the servants poured out our vodka than Serov's impatience began to get the better of him. It was probably the first time he had interrogated a suspect in such surroundings.

"You were born here, I believe?"

The ritual question received a precise and formal answer. I named the street, the number of my house, my date of birth. Just at that moment General Serov was called away to deal with an urgent message. He excused himself as he left the table and promptly, on his return, continued his interrogation. Again he was called away.

At the third recurrence I exclaimed, "But it's impossible to carry on a conversation with you, general. You ask a question, and then you run away to make a note of it for your files."

Arutunyan smiled into his napkin. The senior Russian officials across the table raised their eyes from their plates and looked at me in concern.

The general looked pained. "But

not at all, not at all," he protested. "What will you think next? It's just that I have a lot of responsibilities to discharge, orders to give. . . .

"Since you come from Moscow," continued Serov, "there must be members of your family still living here whom you're anxious to look up, now that you are here?"

"Even if there are," I answered, "I've no intention of seeing them. Forty years have passed; we have nothing left in common. There's everything to keep us apart. I am no longer Russian, and they would certainly be quite terrified of meeting me."

At this, the men across the table gave up all pretense of talking to one another; a kind of astonishment radiated from their faces while they watched the verbal duel.

"Why should they be afraid of meeting you?" asked the general, gallantly adding, "Who could possibly be afraid of such a charming woman?"

"But aren't Russian citizens forbidden to have dealings with foreigners?"

"Not nowadays," the general assured me. "You've only to give me their names and I'll find them for you in five minutes flat—just like that!" He snapped his fingers.

"I've no doubt. But if these last survivors were to hear you were looking for them—though naturally you'd be doing it with the best intentions in the world—they might die of a heart attack."



The other guests at my end of the table were now enjoying themselves openly, and one of them, the official sitting directly opposite me, even felt obliged to apologize for the fact that he and his neighbors had broken off their own conversation to hear ours better.

"But tell me the truth," cried the general, as we drank one another's health in glasses filled with the red wine of Georgia; "do I look like a monster?"

"Not in the least. But if I may say so, the work you do is a little . . . delicate."

Once again he left the table. Mr. Arutunyan seemed amused.

"You were born a Schakovskoy, weren't you?" he asked. He had been doing some quick thinking. "There were princes of that name. So you must be a princess! Well, you did the right thing, coming to Moscow."

At that moment Serov returned.

"You have a princess sitting next to you," announced Mr. Arutunyan.

"A princess!" the general repeated. For a moment he remained deep in thought.

"There is just one favor," I said, "I should like to ask you. My father died in Moscow, and I should like to find his grave. At least, that's something which can't bring trouble for anyone."

"That's easily arranged. Just give me the names of the people who knew him at the time."

The trap was laid for me again, but I had no intention of giving any names.

"I was telling the princess," Mr. Arutunyan broke in, "she did the right thing, coming to Moscow."

"Of course, she did," the general said swiftly. "You can see for yourself we're not dangerous; we don't mean you any harm. You've nothing to be afraid of here."

"I'm a cautious woman," I remarked. "I'll reserve my opinion till I get home safe and sound."

"But why? We've never laid a finger on a privileged foreigner."

Luncheon was almost over. The general and I were now perfectly accustomed to one another, and only Svetik's rather worried face at the other end of the table reminded me that this was an official reception and that I was wrong to enjoy myself. However, I had discovered some common ground between myself and General Serov. He had not always been head of the secret police. He had been in Berlin with Marshal Zhukov when I was a corres-

pondent there. So we were able to talk about this period when we had both been on the same side.

ON A LATER occasion, at a giant reception in St. George's hall in the Kremlin, I followed the members of the government through the ancient Moscow residence of the czars. The religious murals, despite their lustrous coloring, gave the rooms an air of austerity.

Kaganovich, his expression revealing an imperishable hatred for the Russian past, remarked, as we passed from the chapel into the czars' bedroom, "That's where the czars prayed to their God and this is where they sinned."

Zhukov, with an irritation which seemed to have more to do with Kaganovich than with the czars, corrected him: "No, they didn't even sin. They did nothing at all."

Back at the reception, we wandered across to a group which included Madame Furtseva.

"Tell me," she asked, "what does it feel like to be back in Moscow after 40 years away?"

"You must forgive my frankness," I told her, "but of the 28 countries I've visited, it's in Russia I'm most made to feel a foreigner."

"It's a shame your mother took you away from Russia," someone said.

"I don't reproach my mother for anything," I replied. "I'm very fond of living, and who knows whether I'd be alive today if I had stayed in the USSR?"

"And why shouldn't you be?"

"Do you think there are many survivors of the old nobility left today?"

"There are some," Kaganovich replied, a touch of regret in his voice.

Marshal Zhukov had a few private words for me on his great obsession: Germany.

"Never forget," he said, "there is only one real threat to the peace of the world, and that's Germany. Reunified, armed, absorbed into NATO, she'll spark off another war in no time. Your country, like Russia, has suffered enough at the hands of the Germans to appreciate this new danger. Never forget the past."

"On the contrary, marshal," I replied. "I believe one has to forget it. And if you want proof that I can forget you find it in my presence here in the Kremlin tonight."

SEPARATED FROM their foreign guests by the language barrier, the Soviet statesmen stayed in a huddle throughout the reception. The foreign diplomats exchanged trivialities: Bulganin and Khrushchev were the only ones they approached. The bulk of the other guests clung to the far end of the adjoining room.

Finally the champagne appeared. The wife of a Soviet ambassador to some European country came over to me. She was timid, withdrawn, and rather frightened by her distinguished surroundings. It was clear that she did not know the leaders of her country and was afraid to go near them.

She talked to me about her children and her confinements, and admitted how much it worried her to have to travel abroad with her husband. From what she said she seemed to live her whole life shut up in her embassy, bored, daydreaming about the past, terrified at the thought of the role she was being called upon to play.

Madame Shepilov was there, too. She was a tall, well-built woman who stood decisively gripping the ends of her stole. She had an intelligent but quite forbidding air about her.

Two or three other senior officials' wives came and joined us. Here in the heart of the Soviet world, I found myself listening to the most bourgeois of conversations.

As though this were some local government office, an anxious moth-



er made inquiries about her future son-in-law. "You know my daughter wants to marry young Z—. I know he's an architect and comes from a good family, but you really know him. What do you make of him? Is he really a serious-minded boy?"

Another bewailed the fact that her daughter, having finished her education, wanted to find herself a job. "I said to her, 'Zoe, you want to take things easy. There's no rush for you to go out and earn your living. Take your time!' It was just an idea she'd got into her head."

As I made my way back to Madame Furtseva's group I suddenly felt, quite sharply, that I was about to disturb a vipers' nest. They were talking and smiling together. On the face of things, everything was going smoothly among them. But this group simply did not harmonize.

Supporters of a single idea, collaborators in a common cause, they were separated from one another by suspicion. I was conscious of this lack of inner solidarity, perhaps even of the concealed hatred of these comrades at arms: they reminded me of men united by the same crime, bound against their will by a chain they would like to break.

IT WAS QUITE by chance that I met a member of one of the old aristocratic families. A.M., as I shall call him, was a regular customer at the secondhand bookshop I frequently visited. He was a man of about 60, very thin, with a small pointed

beard, gray hair, tired eyes, and an air of extraordinary gentleness.

One day he followed me out of the shop into the street. After seeing to it that no one was near us, he asked, "You're a foreigner, aren't you? How is it that you speak such good Russian?"

"My mother was a refugee."

"Yes, I thought so. That's why I followed you. I'd very much like to talk to you."

"Shall we go into a restaurant and have tea?"

"Oh, no!" he protested. "That's out of the question. There would be people there."

He thought a minute. "For years," he said, "I've dreamed of meeting one of our people back from abroad. I have some cousins who emigrated. How difficult it all is. I've so many things to tell you and ask you, I don't know where to begin. Could you come to my place?" He gave me instructions so that I wouldn't have to stop and ask my way.

Next day I left the house at the time of my usual walk. Traveling in the car of a diplomat friend, I asked to be dropped outside a large store in Red Square. I went inside, lost myself in the crowd, and at once came out again. Then I went down into the subway, from which I finally emerged after checking to see that no one was following me. Ridiculous precautions—but they were very necessary. I risked only expulsion (or so I hoped), but for A.M. it was a far more serious matter.

I pressed the doorbell, and my new friend opened the door. At the same moment a woman's inquisitive face peered around one of the inner doors.

"It's for me," called A.M.

I followed him into his tiny room. A.M. immediately pressed his fingers to his lips.

"Just a moment," he whispered. "In case anyone's listening in." He switched on the radio, filling the room with sound.

Faded photographs hung on the walls; books were piled on a trunk in the corner. On the table, the one really luxurious item in this hovel, stood a magnificent Empire lamp with gilded bronze; on a shelf a Meissen coffeepot reigned like a queen in exile.

I was in a brother's home, the home of a former noble, surrounded by the same mementos of a shattered life as we, too, my family and I, trailed after us in our homeless travels. Objects like these clung—heaven knows why—to their owners like the dust of the flooded lands must have clung to Noe's feet.

This retiring man, who spoke the Russian of the old days, lived gently in a world of brutality. Although he had completed a university education just before the Revolution, he received roughly the same salary as my maid. When I displayed my astonishment, he said simply, "I could easily get a better position, but there are certain things required of you here if you want a few privileges,

and I don't wish to do those things."

"So it's only informers who do well for themselves?" I asked.

"It's a difficult problem. Take the case of a student. He has just finished his third year of medicine. He loves his future profession and he is brilliant in his studies. Then one day he is summoned to a certain place where he is complimented on his successes; he is reminded of the obligations he has toward the regime. To show his gratitude he is asked to keep an eye on the behavior of his fellow students.

"What can he do? If he turns them down flat, he is asking to be dismissed from the university and deprived, for the rest of his life, of the chance of finishing his studies.

"Besides," A.M. added, "everyone is perfectly well aware that many people are forced to be police informers. One is bound to become tolerant of people's weaknesses."

A.M.'s neighbor knocked on the door to announce that the teakettle was boiling. My friend, remaining behind the door as though it were a



barricade, called out to thank her and waited for her to go away before he opened it.

"She's as inquisitive as a magpie," he said, to excuse her.

A new aspect of life in Russia, that hidden life which no foreigner could share, emerged for me. I wondered how many in Moscow, despite the exertions and squalor of their own lives, somehow found the strength to relieve the miseries of other men, to visit the sick, to care for the families of prisoners.

Almost all those of A.M.'s age had been in prisons and concentration camps; many had died inside. He himself had been a hostage for several months, during the terror. Every day as he heard the roll call of fellow prisoners who had been selected to be shot, he marveled that he continued to be spared. One day he was released, but a few years later, although he had not taken part in any subversive action whatsoever, he was sent to one of the prison camps.

"Many people died there. Not from ill-treatment, but from exhaustion. You had to complete a set task every day to qualify for your bread ration, but since you hadn't much strength to begin with, it was hard to get through the work; and you were punished by having the ration reduced. It was impossible to escape this vicious circle.

"But the greatest comfort of all was that you could be useful to others. For instance, thanks to my legal studies, I was able to save a man's

life. A prisoner had killed one of the guards and I was chosen to defend him."

"Rather a dangerous undertaking," I remarked.

"Not all that dangerous. With God's aid, I was successful. The killer was a peasant; and questioning him about his past I learned that at one point in his life he had been shut up in a lunatic asylum. He was transferred to another camp, but he was not killed."

All of his tales were tragic. Varenka T., one of the great Moscow beauties I can still remember, a perfect face and green eyes, had gone mad, been sent to an asylum, and there recovered. A few months later there was a new wave of arrests, and she threw herself out of a 4th-story window One of my cousins had been transported to Siberia at the age of 18, and died there Another young relative, born after the Revolution, fell in love with a young man who was one day arrested. For several hours she waited for him outside the building where people were interrogated, and then, on her way home, threw herself under a subway train.

Insanity, persecution, suicides: these were everyday things in the USSR.

"If it had been possible," I asked, "would you have been prepared to go into exile in one of the Western countries?"

"Never," he replied. "Come what may, I have chosen to die here."

"But the fear?" I continued. "You're afraid, even though you're the first person I've met in Russia outside the regime who isn't in a state of revolt. The fear! You live in terror! The radio 'jamming' our conversation, the woman next door watching you all the time, the impossibility of carrying on your profession—doesn't that all get you down?"

"Fear," he repeated. "But men in other countries live in terror of one

thing or another." We were both silent for a few minutes.

"You want to see how Christians live in Russia?" he said, suddenly rising from his stool. "Come here and look."

He went over to the sideboard and swung the two top doors wide open. He drew aside a cotton curtain and a number of old icons appeared; a Gospel book, a candle, a sanctuary lamp, a few withered pieces of palm.

(To be continued)



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 127)

1. theology (the-ol'o-gee)	c) The study of God and the supernatural; religious knowledge and belief.
2. phonology (fo-nol'o-gee)	h) The science of speech sounds; the sound system of a language.
3. philology (fi-lol'o-gee)	l) Linguistic science; study of written records.
4. geology (gee-ol'o-gee)	k) The science that treats of the earth's crust.
5. entomology (en-to-mol'o-gee)	d) The study of insects.
6. etymology (et-a-mol'o-gee)	a) The study of the origin and derivation of words.
7. anthropology (an-thro-pol'o-gee)	j) The science that treats of the origin, development, and varieties of mankind.
8. biology (bi-ol'o-gee)	f) Branch of knowledge that treats of living organisms; the science of life.
9. graphology (graf-ol'o-gee)	b) The study of handwriting.
10. pathology (pa-thol'o-gee)	e) The science treating of the cause and nature of diseases.
11. astrology (as-trol'o-gee)	i) The pseudo science which treats of the influence of the stars upon human affairs.
12. cosmology (kos-mol'o-gee)	g) Philosophical study of the character of the universe as an orderly system.

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.



Non-Catholics are invited to send us questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will receive ten-year subscriptions to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: I have been told by Catholic friends that prognostication of the future is considered by the Church to be the work of the devil.

For several years I have had a scientific interest in psychic phenomena, due to some unexplainable personal experiences. I would like to know what the Catholic Church believes regarding the work of such places as Duke university in the fields of parapsychology, psychokinesis, etc. What is its stand on telepathy? On people who are proved experimentally to be psychic?

Does the Catholic Church approve research that seeks to determine whether the mind is in itself a sensory organ as well as an interpreting and directing mechanism?

Does the Catholic Church believe that just as God has gifted some people in art, music, athletics, memory, and so on, He has also gifted others with special senses to—so to speak—break the space-time barriers?

Mrs. John Piroz.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

Your question, Mrs. Piroz, opens up a wide field for discussion. About a year and a half ago most of us were fol-

lowing with half-skeptical interest the noisy and noisome events which gravely disturbed the peace of the Hermann

home at Seaford, Long Island. Newspapers told us vividly about bottles which popped their corks and jumped off shelves; about statues which flew about the room, and a bowl of flowers which hopped off its table; about a skidding phonograph, and a toppling bureau.

I do not know that they have ever solved the mystery of those bewitched bottles, the nimble statue, and the errant furniture. Apparently the strange activities have subsided and interest has waned. But at the time everyone had a theory. Some were sure that they discerned the frantic antics of a poltergeist, a noisy spook who makes a nuisance of himself with senseless pranks. The more scientific-minded looked for downdrafts from the chimney, sonic booms from aircraft, faults in the earth, underground streams, or atomic effects from outer space.

Among other investigators on the scene, Mrs. Piroz, was an emissary from the Duke university parapsychology laboratory. I have never heard that he propounded any theory about those particular events, but his visit made the alert public quickly conclude that the bowls, bottles, and bureaus were made to bounce by psychokinesis, the power of mind over matter. At Duke university it is called PK, and it is based on the theory, apparently borne out by observation, that some people can influence objects without touching them.

This drama of Long Island was merely one widely publicized example of a plethora of phenomena generally called psychic, mystic, or occult, which are often considered by the popular mind to be supernatural. The world's literature is filled with fantastic events of this nature, and they are part of the whole fabric of folklore. Homer's heroes consulted oracles and consorted with the dead; medieval men tortured witches and lived in terror of vampires; and in modern times spiritism has tormented souls of the dead until they apparently came back from the nether world to rap tables and exude ectoplasm.

Man has always been fascinated by mysteries, and he has always lived enmeshed in them. The sun and the moon, the stars and the storms filled him with wonder and fear. Life intrigued him and death threatened him; disease and dangers lurked always near him; and eternity was ever ahead. He needed explanations, and often he sought them in unlikely places. Gradually he has untangled many of his mysteries, but he has never been resigned to the patient acceptance of others which will never be resolved as long as he lives. He lashes out at the enigmas which taunt him, and not being able to solve them with sensible theories he resorts to the fantastic.

A quick glance at man's history would seem to indicate that his ima-

gination works more readily than his intellect; that he is credulous before he is critical, superstitious before he becomes scientific. His flighty efforts to learn things beyond human ken and to do things beyond mortal powers have resulted in a weird litany of arcane and esoteric sciences, occult arts, and mysterious phenomena.

There must be a hundred words in our language to denote various phases of man's fancy for the fantastic. They run the alphabet from *animism* to *witchcraft*—yes, even from *astrology* to *zetetics* of the zodiac.

In his efforts to learn hidden things and to see into the future man has consulted oracles and ouija boards, tea leaves and crystal balls. He has tried out fortunetelling and clairvoyance, theosophy and necromancy, second sight, soothsaying, and spiritism. He has mixed strange brews and philters, juggled divining rods and dowsing sticks, studied palms and skulls, read portents in the stars, analyzed automatic writing, consorted with varied spirits, and made pacts with the devil.

Man's imagination and superstition have peopled his world with ghosts, goblins, and ogres, with witches and vampires, spooks, hags, and crones, as well as wily dwarfs and happy little fairies. He has found his favorite stories best believed when they are quite incredible, as long as they mix horror with

mystery, fantasy with fear, and monsters with midgets, in such vivid fashion as to make brave men tremble at noises of night, and to frighten little children out of their wits.

Finally, man's overpowering desire to perform miracles has produced fakirs and conjurers to vie with witches and sorcerers. Their long history of levitation and bilocation, of faith healing and ghost walking, have ended up in prosaic suggestion and psychokinesis.

The Church has had to contend with these various forms of superstition and occultism throughout her history. By her constant opposition to them she has gradually stamped them out, but never succeeded in uprooting them; they spring up like spores.

The advancement of learning and science has aided the Church in her fight against phantoms and fetishes. As man learns more about the world he lives in he finds it more marvelous but less frightening; when he knows natural causes for phenomena he need not search for spirits to explain them; and as his attitude becomes more scientific he is less credulous and imaginative.

Of course, the Church has always accepted the world of spirits. God is a spirit; He created the angels as spirits; and some of these angelic spirits made devils of themselves. Man has a spiritual soul, and the spirit in him lives on after the death of his body. Spirits are powerful

things, after the manner of God, who is all-powerful. And spirits, both good and bad, can no doubt exercise direct influence on the material world. After all a Spirit created the material world, a Spirit keeps it constantly in existence, maintains its order, and makes it run. Spirits other than God can inject themselves into the affairs of the material world only in the measure that the good Lord permits, and we are not able to compute that measure.

The interaction of spirit and matter is evident in man. Our spiritual soul gives us life, coordinates our bodily functions, and makes use of our brain to think. Certainly, then, it is not unreasonable to imagine that spirits may be able to influence material things in other ways—even though it seems beneath their dignity to go around rapping tables and making bottle caps pop.

The Church's main concern in matters of this kind is that we avoid superstition, which is religion out of gear and running wild. Religion is the Church's business, and she does not want to see it abused.

It is the primary duty of the Church to see that God is rightly worshiped. Superstition interferes with that duty. When we consult an oracle, or the devil, or the souls of the dead about things only God can know we attribute to them divine knowledge; and we may do the same with fortunetellers or a crystal ball. When we try to obtain favors from

the fates or the fairies we attribute to these mythical creatures powers which are supernatural and rightly belong to God.

The Church has a long history of condemning witchcraft and ordeals, black magic and the evil eye. Half a century ago, when spiritism was the fad, the Church was very forceful in forbidding Catholics to have anything to do with it. There was a lurking suspicion that the devil had a hand in such doings, and at best the medium's trance seemed an improper means of probing mysteries beyond the grave.

In general, the Church would like us to be critical, sane, and sensible. She would not inhibit man's imagination or curtail his dreams, but she would prefer that he distinguish fact from fiction. While she strongly condemns superstition, she is benignly tolerant towards pious beliefs and practices which seem an aid to Christian devotion and present no threat to faith. She has had to warn us hundreds of times about purported apparitions which on investigation proved to be eidetic images or hysterical imaginings. But when a vision seems sane and sound she leaves us free to make our own judgment about it, and to accept it as it helps our piety.

Mrs. Piroz, your friends at the parapsychology laboratories at Duke university are engaged in scientific study. The Church has no quarrel with them; they seem to be patient,

careful, and honest in their experiments. They strive to be objective in their evaluations and reserved in their conclusions. The Church is probably more kindly disposed toward them than are their fellow scientists in more materialistic fields.

The Church has a maternal love for science; she has watched it flounder in some of its early theories, like a child learning to walk; and she has seen it fall flat on occasion when it tried to soar into the realm of philosophy. But she is happy with the knowledge man has gained by his experiments, observation, and study. Knowledge is an attribute of God himself, and man resembles his Creator when he shares divine cognition.

Though the Church has a maternal interest in science, the laboratory is not her own workshop; she gives her blessing to scientists and lets them carry on their experiments. However, she is concerned with those scientific theories which seem to protrude into her own field. And since parapsychology studies the nonmaterial part of man, that part which we call the soul, it is to be expected that there should be some common points of interest.

One reason the Church is well disposed towards the investigations at Duke and other parapsychology centers is that scientists in this field put a refreshing emphasis on the spiritual part of man. It is the accepted custom in other sciences to

ignore the soul. Hardly anyone goes to the trouble of denying the soul; it simply is eliminated from consideration, since it cannot be weighed, measured, or dissected.

This ignoring of the soul gives a strong tint of materialism to all scientific investigations. There is constant danger that the practical daily habit of ignoring spiritual things in the laboratory and clinic may lead to the elimination of higher things from man's total thinking: from his philosophy and his attitude towards this life and eternity.

Parapsychology brings the soul back into the laboratory, where effort is made to control and observe its activities. In their recent book *Parapsychology—the Frontier Science of the Mind*, Drs. J. B. Rhine and J. G. Pratt, of Duke, maintain that the established data of their studies logically constitute "an experimental refutation of the mechanistic philosophy of nature that has become well nigh universal today in all the sciences" (p. 75). They contend that it is this challenge to mechanism which makes other scientists slow to accept them into the fraternity. And they take pride in the boost they have given to religion by bolstering one of its basic tenets.

At the same time, our good parapsychologists reveal an inadequate concept of supernatural religion. They congratulate themselves that their evidence for the spiritual in

man has permitted science "for the first time" to give support to religion. They think that otherwise, throughout all history, religion has receded before the findings of science, giving up its doctrines and altering its concepts to fit the new knowledge obtained by experimentation (p. 119).

When I try to give a direct answer to your first question, Mrs. Piroz, I encounter the first point of apparent serious conflict between the theological concepts of the Church and the philosophy on which the Duke professors base their theories. You ask whether the Church does not consider prognostication of the future to be the work of the devil. Actually we consider that the devil himself does not have certain knowledge of free future events. God alone knows what man may decide in making use of his free will. Of course, God can let the devil know, if He wishes, and He can also let man know. And both man and the devil can make some educated guesses.

Rhine and Pratt propose the theory that man's soul is able to operate without dependence on space and time. We might concede their theory, as regards space; but we consider independence from time to be an exclusive attribute of God. They admit frankly that their theory is likely to bring them into conflict with established concepts of causality and free will. If my power of precognition tells me naturally and with certainty the future decision my neighbor will

make, then his decision is not really free, or not really subsequent, or else I share divine knowledge, or something equally confusing.

However, spontaneous evidences of some sort of precognition have remained constant and frequent throughout man's history, from the oracles and prophets of ancient times to the fortunetellers and crystal gazers of our own day. If scientific investigation of extrasensory perception, ESP in the language of parapsychologists, can cast any light on this age-old problem, more power to the investigators. And I would not be greatly concerned that they use some wobbly working theories.

You present another question, Mrs. Piroz, which I have not touched directly. I am sure that the Church would raise no barriers to investigation of the possibility that man's mind can acquire knowledge of external reality in other ways than through the senses—or can influence physical objects in other ways than through the muscles. It is our traditional concept that everything in the mind has come there through the senses; but, on the other hand, we are not inclined to restrict the unknown potentialities of the soul. In matters of this kind traditional concepts can be adjusted, if necessary. And there are certainly many things which these old concepts do not completely explain—clairvoyance, for instance, and telepathy, and psychokinesis—and our haunting old friend, precognition.

These things certainly deserve investigation.

As to the possibility that some psychic individuals may be equipped with special genius for ESP and PK, it sounds reasonable, and might explain many strange phenomena, like

second sight and premonitions—and poltergeists! On the other hand, some people may be more credulous, sensitive, and impressionable than the rest of us. Personally, I crave no power of seeing visions or making tables hop.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

English has taken words from all periods of history and from every quarter of the globe. Almost all great civilizations have contributed to our vocabulary.

From Greek, our language has taken not only many words but, more important, certain roots that enter into the make-up of thousands of English words.

Logos in Greek, for example, means science, study, or theory. Of the more than one hundred English words in which this root is found, twelve are listed below in Column A. Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A

1. *theology*
2. *phonology*
3. *philology*
4. *geology*
5. *entomology*
6. *etymology*
7. *anthropology*
8. *biology*
9. *graphology*
10. *pathology*
11. *astrology*
12. *cosmology*

Column B

- a) The study of the origin and derivation of words.
- b) The study of handwriting.
- c) The study of God and the supernatural; religious knowledge and belief.
- d) The study of insects.
- e) The science treating of the cause and nature of diseases.
- f) Branch of knowledge that treats of living organisms; the science of life.
- g) Philosophical study of the character of the universe as an orderly system.
- h) The science of speech sounds; the sound system of a language.
- i) The pseudo science which treats of the influence of the stars upon human affairs.
- j) The science that treats of the origin, development, and varieties of mankind.
- k) The science that treats of the earth's crust.
- l) Linguistic science; study of written records.

(Answers on page 120)

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